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THE CHIMES OF LONG AGO.

[Written for the half century anniversary of the New York House of Refuge, by Mrs. Susan K. Bourne, Ellington, Conn.]

Ring, sweet chimes of long ago!
All our story telling;
Sing the thoughts that in us glow,
Every bosom swelling;
Sing the tale of noble deed,
Every barrier leaping;
Sing the sorrow of the seed,
We with joy are reaping!

Softly sweet your echo rolls,
Mournful cadence keeping,
Telling of those noble souls,
Who in death are sleeping;
Be our lives their monument,
In our hearts their glory—
Lives on high endeavor be,
Save'd from crime's dark sea.

Fifty years have passed away,
Since the first seed sowing;
Fair the harvest waves to-day,
In the sunshine growing.
Ring, sweet chimes of long ago!
Send the echoes flying,
Till the notes of crime and woe
Sink, in silence dying.

Joyously the happy years
Golden sheaves have treasured,
Saved from vice and sorrow's tears
Lives for good unmeasured.
Ring, sweet chimes of long ago!
All our story telling;
Sing the thoughts that in us glow,
Every bosom swelling.

May we all, with heart and hand,
Precious lessons learning,
Join the march of virtue's band,
Richest honors earning.
Ring, sweet chimes of long ago!
Send the echoes flying,
Till the notes of crime and woe
Sink, in silence dying.

FEATHERS FROM A FLYING WING.

BY GILBERT HAVEN.

This time it is not Palmer, nor any eastern station-house, that makes the HERALD beguile me of myself, but a fast-rushing car, going westward at a plunging rate. It is Canada through which we go, and a crowded palace car in which we are whirling. The landscape swims past like a dream; the dust flies; books have been sucked dry; Greek and English, and papers. Where can the weary head turn, but to the resting spot for so many discontented people—the newspaper?

How that discontent begins to manifest itself as General Conference draws nigh. Were that grave and venerable body not about to convene the economy-agitators would have rest in their slumbers; but everybody seems up and astir to revolutionize the Church when that hour approaches. Never having been given to such agitations, I do not know how to appreciate the anxiety of others. Always accepting and defending the economy of the Church, I cannot understand their wishes and unrest who feel that it is in a very dangerous state. Believing in its including laymen in its legislative forces, and the opening of its clerical doors to woman, I could appreciate these demands. If to-day our agitators led in that direction; if they demanded in its Episcopal a German or a colored representative; if they protested against any attempt to cut our Southern Conference in twain on the color line, and so to reproduce the old state of ante-bellum iniquity by the voice and power of the Church, I could appreciate and admire such words and works of righteousness. They are not questions of economy, but of principle. They will not change the form, but increase the power.

But others have different views, and must of course express them; and I have no doubt that a full expression will lead to a confirmation of that whereunto we have attained, and that this remarkable system, whereby we have lived and had our being and our blessing, this century past, will be bequeathed, unmodified in all its essentials, to our children and children's children. A few years ago we talked of our Church being a camp, a tented field, likely to be broken up, and to

vanish away at any moment. That talk does not exist to-day. A consciousness of permanency has taken possession of the Church. Its institutions are alike possessed with this idea. It may be modified, but it is not likely to be revolutionized. It will pass on, as it has passed up, in its present substantial estate.

One wonders at its symmetry of movement, the more he studies it. How true your word, brother editor, that the listening ear has to be very acute and attentive to catch the sound of this machine in its annual grinding of appointments. How happily and easily these two antagonisms of Church and pastor flow together. The trifling exceptions prove the law. Not ten in all the ten thousand annual arrangements fail. Where is there another such a system, moving so harmoniously, after its kind? Congregationalism boasts of the married-for-life relation of pastor and people. Edwards has more than one installation sermon on that vein. Who to-day believes or practices on that theory? One third of its ministers only settled for life, or settled at all, and they with no assurance of permanency. Free love is the new law that replaces the old perpetuum. So is it in other Churches. Why is ours so calm and steady? Why does the "Great Iron Wheel" roll so swift around that none can note the movement? It is a still wheel, a balance wheel of extraordinary strength, because its strength is from within. The willing hearts of its pastor and people give it stability. Let those hearts be weaned, or divided, and it flies into a million fragments. Take heed how perpetual debates shall create such divisions. The family that is always talking divorce may at last find it easy to practice it; the Church that is everlastingly discussing changes of economy may get its people anxious for a change.

Not that debate is feared. Thereby we shall ultimately grow the stronger. Our system, as compared with any other Methodist system, is by far the superior. It is worked with more efficiency and more success. The perpetual bone of contention, as some assert, the Presiding Eldership, is stronger to-day than ever before; and it was always an iron pillar. It is the keystone of the arch, the axle of the wheel. Without it the whole scheme would speedily perish. It has been filled, is being filled, will be filled by the ablest of our leaders. The people love it, and the preachers. They love its occupants too; they have always held them in high respect. They will still cling to that feeling.

But I did not mean to get on this theme; it came in of itself. How close our country is clasped together. Last night, this hour, at Springfield; now at Windsor, waiting transportation to Detroit; to-morrow morning at Chicago. So we fly, from State to State and from land to land.

The opening Spring looked never lovelier than now. The soft slopes of Western New York, now in their best budding robes, "the mist of greenness," was in all the trees and fields. What a beauty of a landscape it is. Niagara leaped and flashed and glowed in her depth of lustrous color, as unchanging as "the most ancient heaven." Blondin's rope, reduced to a single wire, hangs just where I saw it corded into a rope fifteen years ago this very summer, when he startled every gazer with his marvelous coolness and courage. How amazed were these eyes at that spectacle—seeing, and turning horror smitten from the sight, only to be fascinated into a new turning and gazing, as he ran fleetly down the rope, no bigger than a wrist; ran back to shore again, as an immerse walks first into the water and returns for the candidate; then he took his course across, two hundred feet above the roaring gulf that sent its howling summons to his unsifted ears; at the center he pauses, his balancing pole to the rope, slides sixty feet down a swing descending from the center, and hangs from its bottom (head first) by a single foot over the boiling abyss. Up he swings, catches the cord with hooked hands, runs up the line to the main rope, squats on it, cooks and takes his omelette, and trots over to the Canadian shore. That trip must have taken a score of minutes; it seemed a score of hours. Anon he trips back, rolling a wheelbarrow, attired as a monkey. I needed no such costume to compel the admiration of that awe-struck crowd.

How must that master of the tight rope have trained himself to have dared and done such feats! Many a soul who professes to be striving for heaven never puts forth half the preparation or practice. We should be stirred up by these struggles for a temporary plaudits and purse. They strove for an earthly crown; we for a heavenly. The abyss, rushing, leaping, terribly fatal, is beneath us; hell is moved to meet us. We must struggle, or we die forever.

Blondin and Niagara introduce us to a new world, which is the same world. Funny it is to see custom house, crowns, and all the paraphernalia of

another and a royal power injected into the heart of a day's ride. How foolish these divisions! how inevitable, seemingly. Currency, national ideas, politics, Churches—every thing changed. What care they here for the Centennial, or the Seventeenth of June, or the third term, or our wrappings over Church economy, or anything that tosses so fiercely the human waves the other side of that great gulf of Niagara? Nay, if they care, it is to condemn. Their thoughts, how different. At this station, close to the bridge, I see advertisements of excursion trains for last Monday, the Queen's birthday, the 24th of May. Yet so utterly unthought of was it in the States that not even the Woman's Suffrage meeting, that very night in the Temple, knew of the event. If they had, how they could have pointed their arguments with the fact that that very day the whole round earth was belted with cannon, flags, music, parade and excursions in honor of a woman ruler, a political woman, who does what our free and enlightened republic says cannot, ought not, shall not be done. Well, it is good to let Britain lead America in some things, America leads Britain in some.

Canada in these parts is flat and rich. Hamilton was hot, dusty and lively. I should have loved to stop over a train, and seen Dr. Nelles, my old classmate, and the Victoria College, which he has wisely removed to this flourishing city; but a "limited" ticket and more limited time prevented that luxury. I wonder if he is as greatly given to execrable punning as in his college days. If so he must be one of the most enjoyable as well as endurable of men. London lies broad in street, and spacious spread out. Smaller towns show lack of enterprise. Canada would not be hurt by annexation. Better swap the Queen's day for Washington's. But Canada gets on with all her regal relations, and perhaps may yet re-annex us to the British crown. Certainly one section, and that no small fraction of our country, has lately craved such return, and but for the prospect of recovering control over our whole land, would still crave it. Let the Dominions surrender quickly, or we may surrender to them.

But Detroit is reached, and 9 of the night, the time to go to bed on sleeping cars. America is again America. We stick to our flag for a while yet, and our Church, and retire for the night and Chicago.

CALENDAR OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT,
The Hero of Bunker Hill.

BY REV. D. SHERMAN, D. D.

In the galaxy of brilliant names which appeared in our colonial heavens, at the opening of the Revolution, that of Col. Prescott, who led the column in the first regular and important engagement with the forces of the mother country, has shone for a hundred years with a clear and steady lustre. The name rendered illustrious in arms received an additional hue and glory in letters, making it a household name to the people of both hemispheres.

Prescott, like all the leaders in the Colony of that date, belonged to a tough and rugged old Puritan stock. John Prescott, the emigrant ancestor, came from Lancashire, England, and early settled at Watertown, Mass., dying in 1683. By his contemporaries he is described as a "strong, sturdy man, with a stern countenance, who wore armor, and whenever he had differences with the Indians would clothe himself in it," and look them out of countenance. He had a way of arguing that an Indian could well appreciate, and by reason of his hardy courage and love of adventure he early entered into the forest domain of the red men, settling in what is now the town of Lancaster, where he lived to old age.

Among his children was Jonas, born 1648, died 1723. Trained in that wild and perilous region, amid alarms of Indian invasion, he inherited the hardy and courageous characteristics of his father; and not content with the section chosen by his father, which had become comparatively settled and populous, he removed further into the forest, and settled at Groton, where he cleared up new and extensive tracts of land. In these frontier settlements the organization of the militia was a first necessity, as the inhabitants were obliged to defend themselves against the savages by their own vigorous arms and brave hearts. The pre-eminence of Jonas among his neighbors is indicated by his repeated election as Captain of the militia.

Benjamin, the son of Jonas, born 1696, died 1758, retained the prominence of his father in the militia, and was repeatedly chosen to represent the town in the General Court; but he was eclipsed by the greater popularity of his son James, born 1709, died 1800. A man of distinguished ability, he became famous as a patriot, a soldier, and political leader in the whole country.

He was for a long time Captain of the militia, a member of the General Court, and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, by which services, as well as by his landed estates, he became quite wealthy, for that day. He had two sons, who became distinguished, viz., Oliver, born 1731, died 1804, a physician at Groton, long a member of the Governor's Council, a commander of the militia, a Judge of Probate, and in 1781 he was made a Major General in the Revolutionary army; and William, the commander at Bunker Hill, born February 20, 1726, died October 13, 1795. He married Abigail Hale, and early stirred by the adventurous instincts of the family, he removed to the wild, unsettled region now known as Pepperell, so called in honor of Sir William Pepperell, with whom his father had been on terms of intimacy.

As a first settler, a man of sterling integrity and indomitable pluck and daring, he naturally became a leader of the new section he had opened to civilization. Though devoted to the pursuits of agriculture, he indulged to some extent the military tastes which survived in the family, and was often at the head of the militia. In 1755 he held a subordinate command in the expedition of Gen. Winslow to subdue and defeat the inhabitants of Acadia, or Nova Scotia. The garrisons were taken by surprise, and some seven thousand of the inhabitants were placed on shipboard, and distributed from Massachusetts to Georgia, among the people of the Colonies. This proceeding indicates the animus that prevailed among the people at the period of the French war.

At the close of the war, in 1763, Prescott returned home, and for several years devoted himself to the duties of rural life. Though in full sympathy with the leaders of the Revolution, he was too remote from the centre of the movement, and was too little a politician to take part in those preliminary measures in which Otis, the Adamses and Hancock became so conspicuous. Prescott was born rather for the field than the forum, and calmly awaited the period when the bugle note of war should summon him, like an old Roman, from his farm and home, to defend his native land.

But that hour hastened on. If the French war had revealed to the Colonies their strength, and the possibility of union, it had also taught the rulers at home that there must be no delay in reducing them to obedience, before the young lion should become too strong to be subdued. The burdens at first imposed were light, and not designed to awaken popular opposition. Samson was to be bound with small cords before having his locks shorn. The stamp tax, the tea tax came, in order, and when remonstrance was made, led to the closing of the port of Boston, to the modification of the terms of the charter, and the attempt to take offenders to England for trial. The enforcement of these measures required an army in Boston; war was the natural outcome. Boston, from her situation, and the part taken by her leading citizens in opposition to the measures of the ministry, was to feel the first shock of the attacking force. But she was not to stand alone. Among other towns that responded to her call was Pepperell, which spoke in the words of Prescott: "Be not dismayed or disheartened in this day of great trials. We heartily sympathize with you, and are already ready to do all in our power for your aid, comfort and relief, knowing that Providence has placed you where you must stand the first shock. We consider we are all embarked in the same bottom, and must sink or swim together."

At the news from Concord and Lexington he gathered his neighbors and marched at the head of them to the scene of danger. Too late for those first engagements, he proceeded to Cambridge, where Gen. Ward had the American forces in readiness to attack or defend. On the 16th of June it was determined to fortify Bunker Hill. Prescott, a bold and experienced soldier, was detailed for the service, and erected his works at Breed's Hill, an elevation still nearer the enemy than that at first selected. By the dawn his works were well under way; and as the morning advanced he was reinforced by other companies, from Connecticut, as well as Massachusetts. Prescott held the centre on the hill; Putnam, Stark and Knowlton the left, near the Mystic. The British were twice repulsed, that they might learn that the Americans would fight; but on the third attack, ammunition failing, the Americans were obliged to yield and retreat. Though they had lost the battle, they had openly committed America to the contest, and demonstrated the temper of the militia and people. At a later date he took his regiment to Saratoga as a volunteer. After while he retired to his farm, though not to be inactive. He aided the cause by his influence, and served in the Legislature.

"Col. Prescott," says one who knew him well, "was a genuine specimen of an energetic, brave and patriotic citizen, who was ready in the hour of danger to place himself in the van, and partake in all the perils of his country, feeling anxious for its prosperity, without caring to share in its emoluments; and maintaining, beneath a plain exterior and simple habits, a dignified pride in his native land, and a high-minded love of freedom."

Col. Prescott was destined to become more distinguished in his family than through his own services. He had an only son, William, born August 19, 1762, died in Pepperell 1843. He was graduated at Harvard, studied law under Nathan Dane, and entered on the practice at Beverly, Salem, and in 1808 at Boston, where he rose to distinction at the bar. In 1814 he was elected to the Hartford Convention; in 1818 was made Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; in 1820 was a member of the Constitutional Convention; and retired in 1828. He married Catherine Greene Hickling, and had William Hickling Prescott, the historian, born in Salem, 1796, and Catherine E., born 1799, and married Franklin Dexter.

FOOLISH DICK, THE CORNISH EVANGELIST.

Chapter I.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

BY REV. JOHN LIVESKY.

[Rev. S. W. Christophers, an English Wesleyan minister, is acquiring an enviable reputation as a local annalist and biographer of quaint and eccentric characters. Endowed by nature with those qualities which enable him in a remarkable degree to appreciate the queer, the irregular, and the ludicrous in human development, he is equally quick to discern the agency of the Holy Spirit in rendering servicable to the kingdom of Christ and the highest interests of men even those forms of human imperfection and mental deformity which, to the superficial observer, seem incapable of useful employment. One of the happiest portraits which his graceful and facile pen has ever produced is that of the strange character who, some fifty years since, was well known in West Cornwall as "Foolish Dick, the Pilgrim Preacher," who deserves to be better known on this side the Atlantic, and whom I desire, in a free use of the materials which the pious author has given to the world, in his pleasant sketch, to introduce to the readers of ZION'S HERALD.]

Mr. Christophers's sketch consists chiefly of a kind of autobiography, written in full, from Dick's own lips, by a highly respectable and deeply pious gentleman, in whose service Dick had lived for many years, and in whose class he met weekly until his honored leader was called to his eternal reward. The orthography of this sketch is made to conform, as nearly as possible, to the Cornish pronunciation which always characterized the speech of his subject, some specimens of which will be furnished. With this autobiography are also interspersed numerous reminiscences and facts concerning their queer subject, gathered from various reliable sources, so interwoven as to constitute a most charming specimen of Christian biography, and admirably illustrating the divine method of choosing the foolish, the weak, and the base of the world to confound the wise, the mighty, and the vain.

On the 4th of April, 1782, on Nancekuke Down, in the parish of Illogan, county of Cornwall, England, was born, of parents in one of the lowest ranks of social life, a child whose entrance upon the stage of existence seemed rather to furnish occasion for commiseration than for congratulation. Under the most favorable circumstances his allotment, like that of others of his class, would probably be one of poverty, privation and ignorance, while he would be doomed to follow the calling of his ancestors as a common laborer in the mines. But to this sombre prospect was added a more melancholy feature, in the character of his mental life, as it was early affected by disease. When about seven months old the child was seized with fits, which were so severe and long continued that at times life, appeared to be extinct; and when, at last, the poor little sufferer was permanently relieved from the dreadful infliction, body and mind alike seemed to be completely and irretrievably ruined. His own account is: "My sight was turned, my face and limbs twisted, and every part of me, inside and out, in such a shape (confusion) that, as I gazed on 'em went about, they that didn't know me said, 'that there boy es haaf a fool, or more than that he es.' And 'twor all the was for me because I end git nothin' but poor things to wear, awnly a few rags; an' in wenter it was busy all (all was needed) to keep me from shivering." They looked at me as fet for nothin', and tho't (thought) that I shud have to drag along thro' life an idyat (idiot) like, tell God was pleased to take me out of us. My mind was like a thing shuck to rags, an' to this day I can't recollect nothin' in my life 'fore I was light (eight) years old."

The impress of this melancholy visitation, both upon mind and body, was permanent. His body was dwarfed; his head, face and limbs were massive, and his eyes indescribable; "it was difficult to know which eye looked at you; one had a twist, or squint, which seemed to have an endless variety of meaning, and to express at command a

sly, or comical, or humorous, or inquisitive, or solemn thought, and in his later days "often helped, in a resistless way, to give point to his retorts, force to his appeals, and life to the apothegms that would break forth in his private talk or public discourse." His mind was as distorted and dwarfed as his body, so that he was completely incapacitated for any occupation which required even the feeblest or commonest exercises of judgment, or of the logical faculty. The poverty of his parents, however, and the heavy demands upon them of a large family rendered it indispensable that the poor imbecile should do something towards his own support; so "I was 'bout eleven years old when I was hired out to tend the Rickers at the stamper (stamping mills), for three shellin' and seppence a month. I was awnly glad to git anything for saather an' merther, deers. But aw my time was spent in laabur an' sorrow, sure enough. Many times did I go and cum from work with baare feet, and my poor thin body with nothin' but rags 'pon me.

"Some people ded pity me, they that had feelin'. But aw the wicked boys did nothin' but loff, and everything they cud do they ded to make my sufferin' bitter. They wud scat (strike) my limbs, an' tear my cloase. Sometimes they would git 'round me in a ring, and tell me that of I wud swear they wud lev me aloane, and not take me never no more. Then they wud tie my hands behind my back, an' put a haaf-shuff over my eyes, an' call me haaf-saaved, an' foach (push) agen me; an' then they wud say that if I wud but swear they wud lev me go. But I wudn't. I was allays kept from that sin. I never, in all my life, swear an oath." "I worked at the stamper till I was lighteen, but I never cud do anything but wheeling, and things like that. I cudn't larn any work, nor git to know how to do it."

Dick was afterwards employed by sundry farmers in the neighborhood. Especially, after his conversion, pious farmers, prompted by Christian charity, employed him in such work as he was capable of performing, and furnished him shelter from the cruel persecutions of the wicked which he elsewhere suffered. Still, however, his incapacity for ordinary labor clung to him, and was often a serious cause of suffering to himself, and of disappointment and loss to his employers. The thoughtless and indiscriminating would sometimes accuse him of design in affecting inability for any skilled work as a cover for sloth, and would say of him, "he es haaf a fool, or not was; and laazy 'nough for a gentleman."

One of his masters conceived that he might be capable of orderly thought in manual labor, so far, at least, as to be able to distribute manure properly over the surface of a field. He was put to work in the morning, and fairly instructed how to wheel out the manure from the heap in the corner of the field, and drop the several barrowfuls in smaller heaps at certain distances, from which the manure might be scattered over the entire space. Dick was left to his work. But in the evening the manure was found still in a large heap in the corner, as it had been in the morning. "Why, Dick," said the master, "you have done nothing all the day." "Iss I have, master," was the prompt reply, with a look of mingled humor and self-content. "Iss I have; I ded aall you towld me, and finished by deener time; but I tho't it wudn't do to take a whoal day's wages for a haaf-day's work, so, arter deagen, I wheeled it aall back agen!"

He was at one time put to weeding work in the garden, and carefully instructed how to distinguish the young beets, or onions, or radishes from the weeds. The result was the dismay of the employer, when Dick, with a kind of triumphant light in his squinting eye, pointed to the clean beds, freed alike from weeds and vegetables, and said, "there now, I've done un butaful, and weeded un clain!"

[To be continued.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

Its Religious Side.

BY REV. D. DORCHESTER, D. D.

Another problem is involved in the REVOLUTIONIZING TENDENCIES which have characterized the century. During this period, an immense impulse has been given to the human intellect, and it has exhibited a force, a scope and a boldness which it never did before. So constant and wonderful has been this progress that men now talk freely of "the march of mind." It has been an age of sublime energy, in thought and action. "Onward" has been the universal motto, all along the vast lines of human inquiry and enterprise. The great revolutions in America, France, Mexico, Italy, and Spain—the vast campaigns and achievements of the first Napoleon, of the American civil war, and the Franco-Prussian contest—military, political, and civil affairs conducted on grander scales—the discovery

of steam, and its manifold applications—the progress of general science—the freedom of the press—the new facilities for travel and exploration—the great emancipation acts of the English West Indies, Russia, and the United States—the throwing open the broad and fertile fields of America to the impoverished and cramped-up millions of Europe—the extension of education to the masses—and the formation and new functions of public opinion, are some of the marked events, which have been both evidences and factors of extraordinary progress.

While this spirit has been abroad there has been a steady decline in reverence for whatever of tradition, or precedent, or institution has come down from the past. Questions long regarded as settled have been re-examined, and nothing is now tolerated simply because it has been hallowed in other days. There has been a growing opposition to the supernatural. Former ages trembled with superstitious fear at the sight of an eclipse, and regarded earthquakes as tokens of divine vengeance, or as presaging the overthrow of kingdoms; but now the mathematicians handle eclipses with a surprising familiarity, accurately calculating their periods; and earthquakes are regarded as only the effects of certain natural laws. Everything, however spiritual, is now subjected to natural tests. The revolutionary spirit has entered every department of thought and life, boldly assailing the long accepted theories of civil government, political economy, art, science, agriculture, theology, Biblical interpretation and ecclesiastical polity. Principles, usages, and even institutions once sacred and venerable are discarded and obsolete. Thought is intense and bold, projecting changes and movements vaster and more radical than were ever before dreamed.

One feature of this tendency is entirely new: It is popular and experimental. Great and sacred questions have been brought into the arena of public investigation. Never before were the people expected to have an independent opinion about such great matters. The common soil of humanity for the first time has been surveyed, and ploughed, and sown. The problem now pending is, whether more of wheat or of tares will be harvested; whether in the end it will be productive of more of faith or of doubt, of genuine piety or ungodliness. The age of acquiescence is past, and a century of trial is now closing.

In the United States, unlike European countries, there are no old conserving tendencies, inhering in the constitution of society, which restrain men from breaking away from the old faiths, and venturing to wild extremes; there are no old institutions, hereditary nobilities, State Churches, etc.; but everything is new—the communities, the government, the institutions; and there is any number of new projects, trial schemes, and prophecies of newer and stranger things to come. Such a condition stimulates theorizing. The new is held at a high premium, and the old at a serious depreciation.

In such times men find it easy to break away from the old faiths, and a supernatural system, like Christianity, is subjected to the most searching examination. Under peculiar circumstances Christianity in America has been called to experience severer tests than European Christianity, with its old conservative institutions every where environing and sustaining it. Here the conflict has been one of pure truth and spiritual vitality with the most formidable and insidious forms of modern thought. What is to be the result of the long contest? The signs are hopeful. In due time the indications will be pointed out, and a promising future will be demonstrated.

*See a fuller presentation of this thought in a lecture by Rev. H. W. Bellows, D. D., in a volume entitled "Christianity and Modern Thought," p. 17.

GEMS.

The cross is not so great that the strength to bear it is greater; the cross carries us, and not we the cross; for in the cross there is power, and there is none in us.—Hentlinger.

If thou wilt succeed in thy race for the goal, in thy contest for the crown, pray, watch, deny thyself, and thou wilt find in God eternal life, thy prize and thy crown.—I. M. Sailer.

To those who ask for bread God does not give a serpent; but to those who will not have His bread He sends fiery, poisonous serpents.—Loke.

Luxurious living is a species of idolatry; worldly enjoyments allure the heart into apostasy from God.—Heubner.

As the smallest grain of sand carries great pain to the eye, so does the slightest deviation from God's law cause to the wakeful conscience great disquiet.—Starke.

There are bad preachers who are praised, and good preachers who are blamed; look at the fruits; if these are good then the tree is good also.—Starke.

DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

ORATION

Pronounced before the Theological Alumni of Boston University, May 25, 1875 (Grace Church).

FELLOW ALUMNI OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY:—I rise to meet and greet you to-night in the fellowship of Christian thought. A gulf of silence has separated some of us from each other for a quarter of a century, while others, who have since joined in the long succession, have been marching on with the noiseless tread of the years. Names beautiful in recollection, characters delightful for impression, come thronging back from the past, and salute me while I speak. I see them now as they appeared more than twenty-four and twenty-six years since, instinct with youth and purpose and promise, grand with the prophecies of things to come in noble work, in greatness and suffering.

But some of those whose voices and hands spoke to us "the hail and the farewell," long ago, have since crossed the lines of life, passed the gulf that is impassable to their return, and have accepted a high appointment in the service of Heaven. Even the old Faculty, who moved with so much character before our minds, have passed away from our sight. Vail still lives, profoundly enriched in Scriptural learning, the peer of the best in Oriental scholarship. Baker, cultured, correct, scholarly, methodical, manly as the manliest in thought, delicate as a woman in sensibility, pure as the best that breathe, and discriminating above his associates, was called for fitness first to a higher place in the Church of earth, and then to "come up higher" still, unto the Church that is "without fall before the throne." Dempster, the man of genius, profound, peculiar and brilliant, whose thinking was like an inspiration, whose mind struck out whole continents of light where meaner minds looked only on deepest darkness, from his place of work and suffering went up gladly to God, like ancient Elijah, with "horses and chariots of fire!" And these have had a noble following in many of our fellows whom they trained—men who fell in the field, with the armor on, whose souls proved mightier than death.

It is now exactly a quarter-century since the graduation of the first class from the first theological seminary known to the Methodism of America. Foot and Paulson were the heroes of the hour, constituting the whole honor-roll in 1850—the standard-bearers, therefore, in the long procession to follow. The next class consisted of seven: McKean, Nason, Tower, Kellen, Pletcher, McClaghlin, and your speaker; "but some have fallen asleep." And then followed a succession of as worthy sons of the apostles as ever breathed or burned to enter into their labors. Neither time nor taste would allow me to recount, in this presence, those individual instances of distinction where so many have distinguished themselves for faith and character in culture and work—those highest credentials of greatness.

A whole quarter-century gone! How suggestive the thought! How choice the period of life it covers, when faculty and feature are formative—when thought and purpose are doing their silent work upon the character! A child born on the day when diplomas were bestowed on the first class would now have survived the evils incidental to infancy, childhood and youth, which sweep two thirds of the human race from earthly existence; would be thoroughly developed in every attribute of manhood; would already have been a citizen one fifth of his natural life, and would himself have attained to more than one third of the period allotted to the days of man. And some before me to-night were then unborn. As Minerva sprung forth from the brain of Jove, full formed and full armed, so have twenty-five generations of young men sprung forth from this institution, invested with the educational qualifications for the field and the work.

In that earlier period of Church history Methodism had not even recognized, much less adopted its first theological institution. A seminary existed, but its existence was only tolerated, not countenanced nor encouraged. It was the embodiment of Methodism, but it was not a Methodist. It had a faculty of men distinguished for erudition and accuracy—teachers of experience; and students, too, of finest talents; but its annuities as a school were the gratuities of a few generous souls; and the very noteworthy edifice it occupied was the gift of another Christian denomination! Unlike Academies at Athens, founding the *akademia* on the banks of the Cephissus, for the benefit of the philosophers in the time of Socrates and Plato, no magnificent architecture appeared amidst beautiful groves of olive and plane trees, surrounded by adornments of temples and statues and monuments, with oil and prizes to celebrate pan-Athenic festivals. The way to favor had to be recommended by deeds of deserving. Poverty of finance was in sharp contrast with culture and merit. It was the battle of an idea against prejudice; and the stronger won. The way was preparing, but Garrett, and Drew, and Rich had not yet come to the front with their princely endowments. It was the seed time, but not yet the period of harvest.

But now how changed! What hath God wrought? Institutions of theology have become an integral part of Methodism; have multiplied beyond precedent, springing up even in foreign fields; have received the highest recognition in Churchly education; and have become enriched with character,

with literature and endowment. And what changes have occurred during the period of time since some of us received our diplomas and departed for the work—changes related to the past of the great world, and to the Church and its great future! The Crimean battles have been fought; the serfs of Russia have been freed; the prophecies of civil war in America have been realized, and its four millions of slaves have been liberated; the empire of our country has been extended to Bering's Straits; new States and Territories appear on our map; railroads belt the continent, from ocean to ocean.

Meantime, immense wealth has been unearthed from the silent past, as a contribution to our intelligence. Egypt, the first empire of letters, of art and science, has unrolled her Rosetta, Port Said, and her Moabite and other historic stones, bringing into light the lost story of the distant capitals and kings and countries, telling of Thotmes III, who ruled Egypt in the time of the Exodus, and of Arabia, Armenia, Nubia and the Mediterranean coast. Palestine, the memorial land of prophecy and promise, the land of the Hebrew religion, and the Christ of the Gospel has been thoroughly re-explored, every square mile surveyed, and every place of interest excavated, unearthing vast treasures of Christian antiquities, furnishing new materials for Christian intelligence and Christian commentary. The great Temple of Diana of the Ephesians has been discovered, and its magnificence once more exposed to human view. Troy, the subject of Greek story and song, that has been sung along the ages ever since blind old Homer portrayed the scenes in epic, is a city now given back to the world, with all its magnificence of fact and fiction. Pompeii, the city entombed by the fiery Vesuvius, distinguished at once for its culture and vice, for its art and destruction, the home of Cicero, of Sallust, of Diomedes, with its vast amphitheatre, mosaic monuments and triumphal arches, is rapidly uncovering from its ancient cemetery of ashes and its sleep of seventeen centuries, to appear once more in the light of the sun. Rome, another name for letters and law, the Old-world capital, with its palace of the Caesars, its vast Coliseum, its magnificent Forum, its Baths of Caracalla, with its memories of prestige and power and persecution, of grandeur in architecture and art, is unearthing every day new data for new statements, corrective of old and written history.

Meantime, the Alps, those stupendous barriers to the conquering powers of the world, have not been dug down, but have been tunneled through, uniting Italy with northern civilizations by a masterpiece of engineering. The Pope, once the mightiest potentate of Europe, has caused his impotent infallibility to be proclaimed, and lost his empire. In temporal power he is reduced to an ecclesiastical figure-head, while Victor Emmanuel has taken his capital, and enthroned himself over his dominions, delivering the person of the Pope to the safe keeping of a Protestant body-guard; and the open Bible is bought and sold and read at the very gates and in the marts of trade in old Rome. The late Emperor of France, the proud protector of Pius IX, made war with the only Protestant nation of continental Europe within three days of the proclamation of Popish infallibility, and within six weeks of his declaration of war himself became a prisoner in the hand of his enemies, and soon an exile from his empire, having lost his country, his crown, and finally his life. Meantime the Sultan decrees permission perpetual at Constantinople for the establishment of Christian colleges in Christian missions on the Bosphorus, beside the mosque San Sophia, at the very capital of Moslem power. Mexico, Japan and India have opened their gates wide to welcome in the Christ of the New Testament, the Christ that is to be. And now, from nation to nation, across ocean after ocean, in a line round and round the world, we are seeing the signal stations of the Cross established, in anticipation of the "ransomed of the Lord's" returning to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

This is a rapid retrospect of the years that have separated us from each other, and separated us from our *Alma Mater*; but the story of these years is crowded with events of stupendous significance. And we must not forget that the ordering of your birth and mine has brought us forward in an age of the world and to a period of life which compel us to accept a place and assume a part in the great activities of thought in the contests and conquests of religious truth, in opposition to the most plausible and powerful of error and misbelief—a period and a place which will command all our powers of mind, all our resources of scholarship, all, our force of criticism.

I propose, therefore, as a theme, to which we stand most nearly related by the claims of life-work, interest and culture, *this: The Man and the Hour.*

[To be continued.]

SEED GRAIN FROM LIVING HUSBANDMEN.

II.

A BEYOND.

"Laying all on the altar" is all right, if you choose that figure, though, as Christ is the Christian's altar, why not say Jesus, and let the Jewish symbol go? If you consecrate all to God it is holy, for "the Altar sanctifieth the gift." Yet, say the best I can of that process, it is simply our own sanctification of ourselves, and leaves the soul without the baptism of God's sanctifying Spirit. Practically, it does not go

far enough. I took that way, long ago; but God showed me there was a beyond for me—not a mere consecration, a mental process of giving all for Jesus, and counting myself all His, but the washing of that self, thus presented, the purging of fire, and the alone looking to and trusting in the blood of Jesus.

You believe, and are held in the orbit of duty. That is well, and would be enough if there was not more. In natural science centrifugal and centripetal forces, balancing each other, hold the worlds on their invisible track. I would have you lose the centripetal in the holy plunge of a centripetal faith that would make you fly like a comet—not around and away from the trackless space, but to stay in the embrace of His holy fellowship forever.

Pray on, hope on, believe on. Thy hungry heart needs much. God loves thee; the path is just opening before thee; "time and obedience are enough, and thou a saint shall be."

POSSIBILITIES.

I do not wonder you see more of the possibilities in my prayers than in my talks, for then I am alone with God, and telling Him my interpretations of need. We have got a good deal of dying to do before we will know, to the full, the splendid life God has for us. Keep ever consecrated; be as much with the Word and in prayer as you can; and you will be made all God would have you to be. God will meet you alone, and when alone will expound all the things you need to know. May the Lord help you to the great possibilities. Jesus has made every arrangement, and His will is our entire sanctification by faith.

DOING GOD'S PRESENT WILL.

I do not see how we can well question as to whether what we are doing at a given moment is just what God wants us to do. If we are His, and conscious of that fact, then what we are doing is right. The realized leading of God's Spirit is our privilege, by faith; somehow He will let us know; and we have no right to go back of the specific act done for His glory, and question about that.

ABASING THE HUMAN.

Why can't we learn to hide the human a little more? We shall, when it is in the full glory of our Master—like a mote in the sunbeam, seen only in His light.

THE ABIDING PLACE.

Dwell in the affirmations of God's words—more in what He declares Himself to be to you than what you are to Him. Dwell less on "will He come?" "has He come?" "what are the signs of His coming?" "how shall I feel?" than on "He has come;" "I am His;" "He loves me;" "He is mine;" "He died for me;" Let nothing drive you from these affirmations. God's rule is *faith*. When we want any thing else of course we get disappointed and confused. When we settle into the ways of the Spirit, which is to let the Lord do what He wants to, in His own way, we shall leave worry, and rest. Cease trying to live by feeling, and live by faith. There is happiness there alone. There is just one answer to all the sorry list of temptations by which we are environed: God says He will deliver, and that is enough.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HILL TOWNS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

As so large a portion of the current news has reference to populous and commercial places, and is made up to such an extent of disasters, glaring vices and crimes, it may give some variety to have intelligence from the "rural district" of Ashfield, Franklin County.

During the last two weeks a most surprising change has taken place in the whole aspect of this region. The Spring came forward so slowly that at the 20th of May foliage had scarcely begun to appear; the buds were but little swollen, if at all; the spots of green grass were very few and small. Now (June 4) the foliage is heavy, grass has made a great advance, having grown several inches, and vegetation generally is coming forward with astonishing rapidity. Apple trees are in full bloom (blossoms beginning to fall), though there was no appearance of blossoms before the 27th ult. The trees here have about half blossomed. Caterpillars have not come largely, the first coming on the 18th of May. Last year they made a desolation of orchards in this town; and still the supply of apples was large. The maple sugar season has but lately passed. The production was not up to that of an average season, though more than it promised at the opening.

The opening of the railroads, from thirty to forty years ago, drew the movable population away from the hill towns. The greater facilities for traveling away from the tedious hills, and the more active state of business were attractions to enterprising young men, and drew them from the dull work of plodding with oxen on the farms, and traversing the country by one or even two-horse power. Many a farm has thus been deserted by "young folks," which were its life; and when the old folks were gone the homes were given up to decay, or passed into hands by whom they were utterly neglected. Those who have occasionally visited this section in later years have sighed over the neglected aspect of everything—farms and roads grown up to ferns and bushes, fences and walls miserably patched up, or utterly tumbled down, buildings falling to pieces, and neglect and decay written everywhere.

But change is the order in everything. The villages and towns built

up by the railroads at length grew crowded, and enterprises stimulated inquiry for new openings; the people of the villages must be fed; the main articles of living became high; but "far fetched and dear bought" were not for that reason more highly esteemed. It was discovered that some of the substantial articles of living could be produced nearer, and in better quality. It has long been known that these verdant hill-sides afford pasturage of unsurpassed excellence. For a few years past the farmers have been turning this to excellent account by making butter for market, especially in the winter. They have learned the art of making fresh, rosy butter during this season of the year, scarcely, if at all inferior to the product of June. The whole process of feeding the cows, setting the milk, and working the butter, is done in the finest manner, and the butter is delivered in Boston weekly, in the most convenient form for families (in 10 lb. boxes), to the immense satisfaction of purchasers. This has become an important business, and makes no small income to the town.

Raising and pasturing stock and the production of hay are also sources of income. Enterprising men are learning that there are facilities here for certain kinds of business, where land and living are cheap, in which they can prosper, and experience is establishing the fact. A family of eleven children (five boys) a few years since was left, by the father's death, in quite moderate circumstances. The mother kept them together, gave them what advantages for education her means would allow, taught them to be virtuous, and encouraged them in habits of industry and frugality. As they attained suitable age to assume higher responsibilities they purchased a large house and a valuable farm, obtaining credit by their character, and "they have done a thriving business," strictly at farming, and are in a fair way to meet all their liabilities, and own a valuable estate. Other young men who have stayed on the ground have acquired property, and made valuable improvements. Still the population of many towns in this part of Franklin County and the contiguous part of Hampshire County is very small, varying from 500 to 1,000 inhabitants.

A residence here, particularly during summer, is on many accounts pleasant, and is evident in the fact that a number of families of wealth and culture have here secured summer residences, and enjoy the salubrity of the air, and the picturesque beauty of these hills and valleys. There has been a tendency, for a few years past, to make it a place of summer resort. It affords a retreat from the noise and weariness of populous places, and from the slavery of fashion and extravagance. Here people may indulge in simple habits, such as are really conducive to pleasure, and be relieved from those which are distasteful. A consideration of no small importance is, that the practice of exorbitant and needless expenses has not been introduced here. The people of the town are glad to furnish to visitors either services or materials, at reasonable prices, so that extravagant expense is not forced upon any. Individuals or families can have the comforts or luxuries of life at such a scale of expense as they choose.

Board and house rent are comparatively cheap, and communication is easy in all directions. Indications of improvement are succeeding to the evidences of decay. Buildings, farms, roads, schools, and habits of refinement are gradually coming to view. The religious privileges of the town are good. There are three congregations: the Episcopal, Congregational, and Baptist.

Ashfield, June 4, 1875.

CENTRAL NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

Perhaps the subject in which the Methodist Episcopal Church in this region is particularly interested, just now, is the one which has been styled "the absorption policy." It is well known that the New York *Christian Advocate* advocates the idea of doing away with all the General Conference papers, save itself and one or two others. Hence we find our old and reliable Church paper for this part of the connection, the *Northern Christian Advocate*, pronouncing against Dr. Curry's pet idea. In regard to the true merits of the case we have nothing to say, more than that Dr. Lore defends the old *Northern* with an earnestness and truthfulness that the friends of the paper can but admire.

Whether it is desirable to do away with nearly all General Conference papers is an open question in the minds of our best men. Such a course would inevitably result in a more extensive independent Church press; and perhaps this might not be so bad an idea, after all, especially if conducted after the pattern of the *HERALD*; for I apprehend that no General Conference paper could better defend the local or general interests of the Church than does this noble champion of Methodism. Perhaps at some other time I may venture to write more on this very interesting subject.

It will, of course, rejoice the hearts of all good men to know that public sentiment here, as elsewhere, in regard to temperance, is rapidly being elevated, and there is a disposition on the part of temperance men to get out of the old "rats," and to take the most radical measures to abolish the great liquor nuisance. And the prohibition party advocates are becoming more popular than ever; and they number many of the most prominent divines, not only in our own Church, but also in our sister de-

nominations. Among the advocates of separate political action we may rely upon such men as Drs. W. P. Coddington, D. W. C. Huntington, D. D. Lore, B. I. Ives, and a host of the "lesser" lights. The movement has taken a practical shape, and threatens the overthrow of the whisky rule as well as whisky parties; and it is a conceded fact that, owing to the influence of the 13,000 votes cast last fall for Myron H. Clark, the prohibition candidate for Governor, the last Legislature did not repeal the civil damage law, nor yet give us free rum; but the laws remain as they were, and we now have, in many towns, practical prohibition of the dram-shop.

This is highly encouraging, and the friends of prohibition are looking forward with much interest to the prohibition State Convention to be held at Syracuse, June 22 and 23; and also to the national prohibition Convention to be held at Sea Cliff, July 13. While I do not now propose to argue either for or against separate political action, we can but rejoice that public sentiment is rapidly coming to a focus on the subject of absolute and universal prohibition of the dram-shop business, and that, like American slavery, the business of drunkard-making will come to an end. That such may be the case, all good men should pray and work.

It is with pleasure that we note the fact that a camp-meeting association has been organized, and the grounds located upon the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River, and is to be known as the "Thousand Island Park." Its location is both healthful and delightful, and is easy of access both from the States and the Dominion. The first meeting on the grounds will commence July 21st, and will continue fourteen days. A large number of representative clergymen from Canada, as well as the States, will be present. Arrangements have been made whereby considerable reduction in railroad fare will be made to persons attending the meeting. We doubt not that much good will be accomplished at this meeting, in the name of the Lord of hosts. Tents can be secured at reasonable rates.

At the late session of the Northern New York Conference the number of Presiding Elder Districts was reduced from eight to six. This, without doubt, is a movement in the right direction, and results in a saving to the Churches, in a financial point of view.

G. H. W.

"Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me—that Thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthful dew, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion, that I did not greet
Thy blest approach! and O, to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wound upon Thy feet!
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
'Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee.'
And oft how often to that voice of sorrow,
'To-morrow we will open,' I replied;
And when the morrow came I answered,
'Till to-morrow.'"
—Longfellow's Translation.

TAUNTON.

Here we are, near the brick yards, and the far-famed historic stream which yields the much known herring. But the city has other fame than this. Its central position, its large and varied manufactures, its cordial citizens, make it a busy and pleasant place of residence.

Methodism is not dead here; nor is it dying. Rev. Mr. Canoll, at the First Church, is doing good service. Rev. Mr. Fernald, at the Centre, is gaining the hearts of the people by his earnest devotion to his work. Grace Church, the child of only a few months, grows vigorous; and it is hoped that, concerning the unsaved around her, it may be constantly said of her, "a little child shall lead them" to Jesus.

All the Methodist pastors have had a cordial welcome. The pastor of Grace Church, Mr. Worth, and family, were favored on the 1st instant with a visit from about fifty friends from their last Charge, Pleasant Street, New Bedford. They were accompanied by Rev. Bro. Butler (of the Bethel) and Greene (acting pastor at Pleasant Street), and a few friends from County Street. An impromptu love-feast was held in Grace Church, at which about eighty testimonies were given for Jesus. Delightful hours were spent in conversation and song. The Grace Church ladies spread a bountiful collation in the parsonage; and, near midnight, the very welcome visitors took the train for home. It is sweet to be remembered.

Rev. Brother Ewer, at Berkley, is rejoicing in a recent work of the Holy Spirit in his Charge, by which the graces of the Church have been quickened, and some twenty, perhaps, have been led to Jesus. He has been aided by Rev. Mrs. H. D. Walker, of Lowell. This Society is erecting a new Church edifice, to cost about \$6,500. They hope to dedicate it free of debt. God grant they may.

The Taunton Baptist Sunday-school Association held their annual session here yesterday (2d). Eighteen schools were represented. Some items of the reports were encouraging; but not more than ten conversions were reported from all the schools. The largest school reported none. It is to be hoped that, in this particular, the past year is an exception. A fine essay was read on "The Sunday-school Situation." A spirited debate was engaged in on the question, "What Ad-

vice Shall the Sunday-school Give on the Question of Amusements?" The lesson papers, as prepared for the Baptist Societies, received attention. One brother said that the Methodist and Congregational Churches were far in advance of the Baptists in the completeness of the work done; whereupon a number of earnest champions uncovered their claws, and "went for" the offender, who, recovering himself, put in the following disclaimer: "I would not have the brethren think I use the Methodist Questions in my class. I use the Baptist Questions, and I try to get Baptist answers!" So it often, when the pendulum swings from one extreme it goes to the other, I could not help thinking.

RICHMOND CAMP-MEETING.

The name of this hallowed spot is sufficient to awaken a holy enthusiasm in all hearts who have enjoyed in the past the rich baptism of the Holy Spirit in the shadow of this beautiful forest. On the 12th of August, next, another camp-meeting is to commence upon this consecrated ground, to continue eight days. We have no doubt the coming occasion will more than equal the glorious past, in the baptism of the promised Comforter. The ground has been improved, the people were never more expectant, and I trust, never before were so many prayers ascending to God for success; so failure seems impossible. I am glad to say this time is no special resort, but for a spiritual and soul-saving camp-meeting. And so may it ever be.

Brethren in the ministry, to you we may reasonably look for influence, prayer and personal attendance. Move on your people, and let the whole line move to this centre, to this mountain of the Lord's house. We are confident, if you will talk of the matter in the way, preach it to the people from your pulpits, and constantly keep the matter before God in your closets, we may not only greatly increase the attendance, but secure in larger measure the power which converts and sanctifies the soul. We may, we can, we must see all the State of Maine, from Old Orchard Beach to the Aroostook, ablaze with Gospel flame. O that it now from heaven might descend, and do its consuming and soul-saving work.

GEORGE PRATT.

Belfast, June 5th, 1875.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

LYNN DISTRICT MEETING.

Delegates from the various Auxiliary societies of the W. F. M. S. on the Lynn District met June 2d, at the Lafayette Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Salem, Mass. Mrs. Cox, president of the Salem Auxiliary, presiding in the afternoon meeting, and the pastor, Rev. Mr. Collyer, in the evening.

Very interesting and encouraging addresses were delivered by Mrs. Alderman of Hyde Park, and Miss Lindsay of Lynn. The theme of the former, the missionary character of the Gospel, was quite freshly and pleasantly presented, and we were assured, in conclusion, that while we perform the duties Jesus keeps the records and takes care of the results. Miss Lindsay gave some very interesting statistics. It appears that in five years the society has increased from an annual income of \$8,000 to one of \$64,000, and that fifteen societies of this kind, connected with different denominations, had raised not less than \$800,000 the year past. Miss Lindsay, who is indeed a most indefatigable and effective worker in various important fields, was listened to with marked interest and attention.

In the evening an eloquent and effective speech was delivered by Mr. Almy, of Salem. Brief remarks were made by representatives from different Auxiliaries, and by pastors of several of the Churches represented, and a timely tribute was paid to the lamented missionary Cox by one of them. The attendance was good, and the interest hopeful.

Our Book Table.

A beautiful book, every way, is the last volume from the graceful pen of Wilson Flagg. It is entitled *THE BIRDS AND SEASONS OF NEW ENGLAND*. It forms an admirable complement to his "Woods and Byways of New England." James R. Osgood & Co. have published it on fine paper, illustrated with twelve views from nature (nearly all within Essex County), and printed by their heliotype process. We met Mr. Flagg, at his home in Beverly, more than thirty years ago. He was then writing very pleasant essays for the *Boston Weekly Messenger*, published by D. H. Eids. His studies in nature have gone on ever since, and his picturesque and quiet descriptions have formed some of the most attractive contributions to our rural literature. The present volume, reaching 450 octavo pages, is a delightful record of personal and well-trained observation among the birds that frequent our latitude, giving all the incidents of their habits, haunts, and songs. It is written for popular reading. The technical names of these natural singers are given in the index. The descriptions in the body of the work give only the familiar terms by which our garden and field chorists are known to us all. This entertaining work shows, significantly enough, what a world of delightful knowledge is close around us, inviting our attention, and what a mistake we make in not opening to the minds of childhood the charming study of the thousands of forms of life by their side, and thus provide them with unceasing resources for enjoyment and improvement. We heartily commend this entertaining and instructive work to all our readers for a conspicuous place in the family library.

Robert Carter & Brothers have performed a very acceptable service for the devout of all the Christian Churches, in the publication, in a complete form, of the *LETTERS OF THE REV. SAMUEL BURNHEDD*, with a *SERMON OF HIS LIFE*, by Rev. A. A. Bonar. Many abridgments and selections have been given to the Christian public, but all these

remarkable epistles are worthy of preservation. Dr. Carter says, ascribing to poetic fancy, that though they were written more than two centuries ago, the smell of the myrrh and cassia has not departed from them. Holy men and women, of all the ages since they were first gathered together, have found these letters full of comfort and inspiration. The present fine volume will be welcomed to thousands of libraries as a valuable addition to their contemplative religious literature.

D. Lothrop & Co. have issued a new edition of *THE BREMEN LECTURES*, heretofore published by Gould & Lincoln. This edition, enlarged and improved, gives a new life to a very valuable collection of discourses upon vital religious questions still in debate. They were first delivered before large audiences in Bremen, in 1870, by eminent European divines, such as the late Dr. Tischen-dorf, Dr. Lange, Uthorn, Christlieb, Luthardt, and others. The subjects embrace the great themes in controversy between naturalists, materialists, scientists generally, and evangelical believers in revelation. It is a volume of enduring value.

The very thoughtful and instructive treatise, Dr. Austin Phelps upon *THE NEW BIRTH*, *The Work of the Holy Spirit*, has been issued in a new edition by Andrew F. Graves, Boston. It is a full and luminous discussion of the whole work of regeneration, on both its divine and human sides, with its results in personal experience and moral character. The subject is viewed from the standpoint of a very liberal Calvinist, and is written in a remarkably candid, as well as impressive style, forming a very instructive treatise upon a vital theme.

We have just received from the publishers, D. Lothrop & Co., the pleasant little volume, compiled by Rev. W. F. Crafts, entitled *THEORIES OF SONG*. It is a book of 300 pages, and is filled with an interesting miscellany upon a subject now attracting much attention among our correspondents and readers. Mr. Crafts writes as one that loves the work, and has gathered up with commendable diligence short essays and incidents from noted pens, illustrating the power and importance of sacred music, the manner in which this service of worship should be performed, and many touching and instructive associations with which the most familiar of our best hymns are invested. It is a capital volume from which to make ample provisions for praise-meetings, and to illustrate generally this delightful part of public and social worship.

The best field for the cultivation of the religious novel is the illustration of ecclesiastical history. The cultivated authoress of "The Schöenberg-Cotta Family" in her well-known books has shown how much excellent service may be accomplished in this field. The Congregational Publishing Society has just issued a fine volume of this description. It is entitled *THE TWIN HERONS*, and is written by Rev. Frederick A. Reed, A. M. It is a romance illustrating the state of society, and the domestic and social incidents connected with the protests against the State Church, in the times of Queen Elizabeth, by the Separatists. It follows closely the facts of history, simply dramatizing them, and giving them a personal interest. The volume is well-written, and will not lack either fascination or instruction for youthful readers.

Nelson & Phillips have issued a new practical treatise upon the higher life by Rev. Thomas Carter, D.D. It is entitled *ALL FOR CHRIST*, and is a very plain and instructive manual upon the nature and necessity of a consecrated heart and life, the means to secure such a state, with illustrations from the lives of eminent Christians. It is a very wholesome and excellent little volume, and should be widely circulated and read.

SEX IN INDUSTRY, published by J. R. Osgood & Co., is the supplement of "Sex in Education." It is written by Dr. Axel Ames, Jr., who, under a commission from the Bureau of Labor Statistics, made careful inquiries into the condition of the homes and employment of working-people in the State. This volume presents the results of his mature judgment upon the question of the effect of factory labor, of type-setting and other forms of industry, upon the health of girls and young women. The volume is for dramatic suggestions upon the healthful development of the sex, and forms a valuable addition to the growing literature of this nature.

A. Williams & Co. issue a new edition of *THE BIBLE STAND-POINT: VIEWS OF THE SONSHIP OF CHRIST, THE COMFORTER, AND TRINITY*, by Asa Wilbur. The writer very confidently believes he has solved the great problem, and very reverently presents his theory, and seeks to harmonize it with the Bible. Before man was made, a divine paradigm (like man) was created, who dwelt in the bosom of God, and was co-eternally His Son. When man was formed after the image of this Son of God, and fell, this first-born of creation came to his rescue. He was born into the human life of the virgin, and thus united both God and man. Having wrought out human redemption, He went back to the Father, and poured out, in an eminent degree, His Spirit upon His disciples, which He personified under the name of Comforter, to give more definiteness to His work. This forms the Christian Trinity. The little volume bears the marks of profound conviction and sincerity, but, instead of interpreting revelation to us, it simply leads us into impenetrable darkness and insoluble difficulties.

The Congregational Publishing Society issues a capital little volume for general reading upon the Evangelists in the Sunday-school, entitled *CONVERSATIONS ON JESUS*. Questions are asked and answered, in the very words of the Gospels, covering some of the most important lessons that Jesus taught when upon the earth.

ONE SUMMER, by James R. Osgood, is a pleasant little romance, embodying a nice story of love, told in a remarkably fresh and picturesque style. Its scene is a summer resort excursion, the denouement occurring on the shore of Mt. Desert. It is one of Osgood's handsome little quartos, and will doubtless find a place in many carpet-bags during the summer vacation.

Scriven, Armstrong & Co. publish a new volume of hymns and tunes, with a fine and excellent idea embodied in it. It is a series of fifty-six services for praise-meetings, admirably arranged, each illustrating one great evangelical truth or duty, with appropriate hymns, and well-selected liturgical Scriptures readings. The volume, which is a finely published octavo, is entitled *THE SERVICE OF PRAISE; or, Hymns and Tunes and Scripture Lessons, Arranged for Praise-meetings and Public Worship*, by Rev. C. T. Eustis. It is a capital idea, well carried out.

UNCKNOWN KINGS; or, Sketches of Men of Mark, is one of Dr. Wise's delightful volumes. In it he has gathered short and lively sketches of such persons as William Phillips (the hero of Lonsburg), Michael Faraday, Charles Waterton, Robert Fulton, Dr. Francis Asbury, Alexander Wilson, Nathl Bowditch, and Warren Hastings. This is a volume of pure truth, much more enter-taining, as it is more wholesome than fiction.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—Num. xiv, 21.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

THE REVIVAL NEEDED.—Most gladly do we copy the following from the *Watchman and Reflector*, and ask our readers to give it a careful reading:—

"This is a work which necessarily enlarges. All success enforces enlargement, and is even perilous unless followed up to further results."

"Has the Church of Christ addressed itself to the work, under the mastery of such an idea? Alas! at this very moment every missionary board is staggering under the load of anxiety that is on it, while Christians ease the financial pressure by diminishing their benevolent contributions rather than by lessening their luxuries; and this, too, while God is manifestly sounding an advance all along the line, and the facts indicate that we might count on results limited only by the efforts put forth."

"The revival now needed is in the real working life of the Church—not a spasmodic feeling for the conversion of a few right mind, or of higher devotion to the interests of the local Church, but a whole-souled consecration of heart and intellect and influence and wealth to the interests of Christ's kingdom in its world-wide demands."

"We doubt if our Churches have been largely increased in actual effectiveness by the revivals which have so greatly increased their numbers. The addition of 100,000 baptized converts to our membership last year, with the quickening of the spiritual life of the Churches as a whole, ought, surely, looked at from any standpoint, to have added \$100,000 to our missionary funds over the amount of the previous year. Instead of this it will require the most persistent efforts to bring them up to the same figure. And this, we think, illustrates a general fact. Are these revivals, then, spurious? By no means. Converts have been received into Churches with low and narrow working ideas. It is simple conversion we have sought, instead of thorough-going consecration. We have not enlarged our hearts beyond our own little circles."

"Even the week of prayer, which originated in a call from India, and which was evidently God's call to the Churches, to enlarge their hearts to the exigencies of Christ's cause, the world over, has been used mainly for local purposes."

TRUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY.—Dr. Seelye says: "There are twice as many converts to Christianity in India to-day as in the whole world at the end of the first century. After the first thousand years there were only 20 versions of the Bible; now there are 274. The first Bible Society was formed in England in 1804; now there are multitudes of them, and they printed and circulated 31,000,000 copies. In the room where Voltaire wrote his boasts that Christianity would not see the nineteenth century, a Bible depository is established. Many times more Bibles are circulated and read in the nineteenth century than in all the centuries before."

MISSIONARIES WANTED.—A missionary in the Hudson's Bay Territory writes: "I was sitting in my study, one day, when the door noiselessly opened, and several Indians entered the room. They said, 'we have come from a far-off land, to see if you will not come and visit us, and explain to us the Word of God.' 'I am pleased to see you, and should like to go; but where do you live?' 'Our home is fifteen nights away,' meaning that they had traveled sixteen days, sleeping on the river banks or rocks fifteen times. What put this desire into your hearts to see the missionary? I inquired. We have the Word of God in our wigwags, and hundreds of us can read it, but we want you to come and explain it to us."

"They had never had a teacher or missionary among them. How, then, did they learn to read? By coming in contact with the Christian Indians. They taught us how to read, and we taught others, and they others, until now our whole band can read the Word of God; and when we carried our furs to York Factory we found at the Mission House as many Bibles as we required for our people. Come and visit us, and explain this good Book to us. We read it, but we do not understand it. It is like a musical instrument; there are sweet sounds, but we cannot read it right." The missionary on visiting them found that all they had told him was true. They could read the Bible, and had lost all faith in paganism. The conjurer's tent was deserted, the medicine man had lost his power over them, the Bible was highly prized, and the missionary was welcomed with rapturous delight."

MICRONESIAN FIELD.—The Churches of the Sandwich Islands sustain a most efficient and successful mission in this field. The *Morning Star* recently sailed from Honolulu with seven missionaries to re-enforce the mission. Mr. Taylor, one of the new missionaries, writes of the terrible degradation of the people. He says: "Many people in America think the 'poor white trash' of the South are as bad as any heathen. Tell them I have seen the poor whites in all their degradation, in the mountains of Tennessee and in Northern Georgia, and have visited at their houses, spending nights and eating with them, and I do not tell half as bad a story as I

might, when I say that the people here are as much below the 'poor whites' as the latter are below the intelligent Christian people of Northern Ohio."

"It is a wonder that Christians are so backward in sending the Gospel to the heathen. But God's day is coming; light has dawned; the seed sown by Mr. Bingham and his associates is taking root; and brighter things are in store for these poor people. The good thing about this work is that it is sure to succeed; and it is work done for the whole world, for time and eternity."

MISSIONARY NOTES.

A correspondent writes to *The Independent* a most interesting letter on foreign missions. He praises the American ladies for their labors in miserable Hindoo households, where the life of the wife is said to be "like that of frogs in a well—all around life and beauty, and she buried; and the life of the widow, scarcely five years old, is ten-fold more wretched. He thinks that a great change has taken place in the general feeling in reference to foreign missions since the *London Times* notices them favorably."

The English governors have given their testimony in favor of the good accomplished by the missionaries, as follows: "I believe, notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit India, the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined."

Lord Napier, governor of Madras, says: "In Ganjam, in Masulipatam, in North Arcot, in Travancore, in Tanjore, I have broken the missionary's bread, I have been present at his ministrations, I have witnessed his teachings, and I have seen the beauty of his life."

The "Record" of the Church Missionary Society says there were 184 baptisms last year by the missionaries of the Society, 158 of which were adults. The cry of the Society is for more men—the work is altogether outstripping its present missionary force.

The "Periodical Accounts" of the Moravian missions speaks of the most encouraging success in all departments of its mission fields.

TEMPERANCE.

APPEALING FACTS.—From the most reliable sources available we find there are 146,000 saloons in the country, against 128,000 schools and only 54,000 churches; manufacturers and sellers of strong drink, 500,000—twelve times the number of clergymen, four times the teachers—nearly double all the lawyers, physicians, teachers, and ministers combined. In these saloons there are 5,600,000 daily customers—one in seven of our whole population! Of these, 100,000 are annually imprisoned for crime, at an expense of \$90,000,000, and 150,000 go down to the drunkard's grave, leaving 200,000 beggared orphans. There are in the United States to-day, and at work, 29,000 liquor-distillers, employing 570,000 persons, which make annually 72,500,000 gallons of ardent spirits.

LIVES LOST ANNUALLY.—The College of Physicians and Surgeons in Philadelphia, after a careful examination, certify that in the city of Philadelphia alone at least 700 deaths were traced to intemperance in a single year. The proportion would no doubt be much the same throughout the United States, making the total number annually about 56,000, instead of 30,000, as has been commonly estimated.

WHISKY-MAKING.—The distilleries of the country last year produced over sixty-eight millions of gallons of spirits. There were 445 of them, in which about \$70,000,000 capital was invested, 70,000 men employed, and nearly twenty millions of bushels of grain consumed, four-fifths being corn.

HOW MUCH FOOD IS DESTROYED IN LIQUOR?—There are consumed in distilleries and breweries, to supply liquor to the United States annually, about 70,000,000 bushels of grain. A bushel weighs 56 lbs. Each bushel of grain will yield 40 pounds of flour, or 15 loaves of four pounds each. The total grain destroyed each year in the vats and stills, to supply liquors to American drinkers, would make 1,050,000,000 of 4-pound loaves of bread. This would be over 130 loaves for every family of five persons in the United States—8,000,000 of families. If these 4-pound loaves were laid as paving-stones, they would pave a road 30 feet wide for 1,800 miles long. If the loaves were carried away from a bakery in Canal Street or Grand Street, New York, taking 550 loaves on the wagon, and making a trip every half-hour for 10 hours each day, emptying the loaves into the North or East River, it would take 390 years to cart away the loaves which one year's distillation and brewing destroys, or 390 wagons constantly at work to do it in one year.

What a national sensation it would cause if any other power in heaven or upon earth thus destroyed annually this enormous quantity of food! And yet the people look on in apathetic indifference at the perpetration of this awful destruction by the accursed liquor-traffic. —*Nat. Temp. Almanac.*

Conway's Sacred Anthology is a collection of the finest portions of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, side by side with the best passages from the sacred books of the other great religions of the world. A better plan for revealing the immense superiority of the Christian Bible could hardly be devised. The book is to be circulated in India among those who are never likely to see the Bible as a whole.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.
WHOLESALE PRICES.
June 14, 1875.

FLOUR—Superfine, \$4.25 @ 4.75; extra, \$3.00 @ 4.00; Michigan, \$2.25 @ 2.75; St. Louis, \$2.50 @ 3.00; Southern Flour, \$2.00 @ 2.50; CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 50 @ 55c; bush. OATS—72 @ 75c; bush. RYE—\$1.40 @ 1.55; bush. SUGARS—\$24.00 @ 27.00; ton. FINE FEED—\$34.00 @ 37.00; ton. SEED—Timothy Herd's Grass, \$2.00 @ 2.50; bush; Red Top, \$2.00 @ 2.50; per sack; R. I. Bent, \$2.00 @ 2.50; bush; Clover, 15 @ 16c; per lb. APPLES—\$2.00 @ 4.00; bush. PORK—\$20.00 @ 25.00; Lard, 15 @ 15½c; Hams, 10c @ 11c.

BUTTER—\$20 @ 25c. CHEESE—Factory, 8 @ 14c. EGGS—17 @ 19c; per doz. HAY—\$27 @ \$23 per ton, for Eastern Pressed. POTATOES—\$2.00 @ 2.50; per sack. BEANS—Extra Pea, \$2.25 @ 0.00; medium, \$1.50 @ 1.75; bush. POULTRY—20 @ 25c; per lb. TURKEYS—50c @ 60c; per bush. BEETS—50c @ 60c; per bush. CARROTS—50c @ 60c; per bush. DRIED APPLES—8 @ 10c; per bush. CRABAPPLES—\$5.00 @ 10.00; per bush. GREEN PEAS—\$1.50 @ 2.50; per crate. HERRING—1½ @ 2c; per lb. REMARKS.—Moderate demand for Flour, prices steady. Butter is firm, and in advance on best brands. Pork \$1.00 lower per lb.

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1875.

The New York Observer propounds a conundrum to the New England Annual Methodist Episcopal Conference which we are unable to answer. Quoting the resolution passed at its late session, as condensed in the article of Rev. E. S. Best, two weeks since, denouncing, as unrepentant and contrary to Protestant principles, the enforced legal regulation of the reading of the Bible in public schools, it inquires why such a resolution should be passed. We give it up! We cannot, for the life of us, think of any adequate reason for its introduction or passage. We are quite sure we have never reported and carried to vote, without excited attention, in the bustle of closing hours, or when the minds of the thoughtful members were not given to the details of the session. If an exigency had arisen, by which the public school system had been brought into peril on account of the reading of the Bible, such an expression might not have been so untimely. But, until some responsible bodies deliberately object to an infringement of personal rights by such a use of the Holy Scriptures, it certainly does not become the duty of a Conference of ministers, recognizing the Bible as the foundation of morals and religion, and the only safe guard and defense of our republican institutions, to anticipate unfriendly criticism, and to take the initiative in banishing it from the public culture of our children. This seems like one of those "works of supererogation" which, in our creed as a Church, we declare to be without virtue. Where local districts find embarrassment from the reading of King James' version an average amount of good sense and prudence will relieve all difficulties, and still preserve to our schools the sanction of the Word of God, as the rule and measure of human conduct and duty.

We have known whimsical mistakes to occur where persons bearing the same name have received each other's letters; but, as we have hardly yet made a business of sermon-selling, the serio-comic interchange referred to by the Wesleyan Methodist Recorder has hardly a parallel in our latitude. In the same town a clergyman of the Church of England and a well-known Wesleyan minister happened to wear the same Christian and surname. One day the postman delivered a letter intended for his Wesleyan brother to the arrogant incumbent of the State living. "If you had not assumed," he imperiously intimated to the rightful owner, when he sent him the letter, "a title to which you have no claim (the prefix of Rev.) this mistake would not have occurred." Time is sure to bring its revenge; and it did in this case. Not long after, a bundle of lithographed manuscript sermons (the manufacture of which is a flourishing trade in England, largely sustained by ministers of the Establishment) came to the hands of the Wesleyan preacher. It should have gone to the unfatigable brother clergyman. The opportunity was too significant to be unimproved. So the unfortunate bundle was properly directed and sent to its true destination, with the stinging rebuke, "If you had not assumed an office for which you are not qualified this mistake would not have occurred!"

This matter of the sale of manuscript sermons seems to be becoming quite embarrassing to certain English clergymen. After using them for a period, and beginning to feel a proper sense of shame at the unmanly and unministerial use of the literary work of another brother, they perhaps, stop their subscription for the regular issues from the sermons bureau, and now come to the unpleasant pinch. The manufacturers of the contraband article, thinking they have the unhappy divine in their power, intimate that if he does not continue his purchases his previous use of their sermon stock will be exposed. An indignant "clericus" makes a pathetic appeal in the English papers to Bishops and theological authorities to interpose in behalf of such afflicted parties, and secure some fitting punishment for such an irritating and humiliating form of blackmail. It is certainly a hard case; but many a man before has found it easier to get into trouble than to escape from it. It is better to wear one's own suit, however humble, than to parade himself in borrowed plumes.

The Watchman and Recorder has a very interesting letter from a correspondent at Bonn on the Rhine, giving an account of the remarkable meetings held by Mr. R. Pearl Smith of Philadelphia, in a number of German cities, to which we have heretofore referred. He has held a series of services at Basel, Stuttgart and Frankfurt. These were attended by crowded audiences and powerful results followed, although Mr. Smith had to depend upon an interpreter, not being able to speak German. At Stuttgart two thousand persons attended the morning meetings held at 8 o'clock, and it was estimated that several hundred were converted. The most wonderful successes were at Barmen and Elberfeld. In anticipation of the meeting here the leading papers of the surrounding towns assembled. Dr. Christlieb of Bonn, among others. The hall in Barmen where they worshipped was filled to overflowing. After the public services one hundred ministers assembled to examine the American lay evangelist and discuss his religious theories. Mr. Smith seems to have opened the service with the relation of his experience and his Scriptural authority. A long and sharp criticism was expected; but at the close of his remarks he was entreated to proceed, and continued with occasional singing, for three hours, when by a unanimous vote the pastors decided to substitute prayer for controversy, and in this way the Conference concluded. At the Hague the Queen of Holland was present at the services. Mr. Smith is now in England, co-operating with the other American evangelists. Unless their accounts are greatly exaggerated, a wide

and permanent spiritual reformation is in progress in Germany, France and the British Isles.

THE CLOSE OF THE SCHOOL YEAR.

Our papers are full of vacation announcements. Mountain and sea-side, beaches and springs are all alive with preparations for summer visitors. In spite of hard times it is thought that there will be an increase rather than a decrease of tourists and summer occupants of country or ocean homes. There are intimations that prices will be moderated, to meet the exigencies of the times, and cheap plans to secure good air and simple food are subjects of family discussion.

There is, however, an important event to occur, before the young people are permitted to run wild in the fields, or by the sea. Their long year's term, broken by short vacations, is to formally close with the present month. The old time custom of a protracted examination has been quite superseded by the written examinations which are made throughout the year, and which, after all, afford, if wisely managed, the most satisfactory tests of actual acquisitions. But all our schools have closing exercises, or are opened for the visits of parents and friends, to witness what is the most entertaining of all school exercises, the regular order of the daily work. This is often interspersed with music, which is now, very properly, a school study, as well as a delightful recreation and valuable accomplishment, and with special exercises in reading, in composition, or in rhetorical speaking.

The misfortune is, that few attend on these occasions. A portion of the thoughtful and faithful mothers, certain kind hearted sisters, and a rare specimen of the other sex, besides members of the school committee, visit the public schools on these annual reception days. If our citizens were in the habit of visiting them at any other time during the year, the absence on these occasions would not be so much regretted. But certainly, having paid, not without great heart-searchings and some grumblings, the school tax; having eloquently defended the system of public instruction against the attacks of the Romanists; having often and severely criticised the modern modes of instruction, the introduction of novelties into the course, the omission of fundamental studies, the lack of pushing forward as rapidly as possible bright pupils; after intimating in pretty positive terms that the old three months country school of other days trained more efficiently its pupils than the year-round school, with all its expensive appliances, in modern days; having blamed the school committee for inefficiency, and the teachers for not understanding their business, it would not seem a burdensome requisition, or an unfair challenge, to ask their presence and personal examination of these invaluable, often eulogized, and as loudly berated institutions. Let a few days in the year be devoted to finding out, by careful investigation, just what our schools are, and what they are doing. The teachers eagerly seek this. Their whole processes are open to inspection. Let not the educating power of the schools be judged by one's own, perhaps petted boy or girl, but give it a fair opportunity, and pronounce upon its work only after the test of a thorough inspection.

We have no doubt there are grounds of complaint as to the amount of surface gone over in our public schools. In the special rudimentary branches of other days, such as spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and history, a far less number of pages is now studied. Many persons, measuring from this standard, think that the children are accomplishing little or nothing; that the negro's secret has been discovered in our schools, of finding the longest time possible for accomplishing the smallest amount of work. Indeed, upon inquiry, such persons learn that scarcely any study is done in the school hours, the whole time being taken up in recitations. They notice also that studies, like drawing, are crowding out some of the old substantial rudiments of learning. Whether all this is exactly true as they surmise, or not, should be first discovered by actual examination, not of one scholar, but of the school. Then there comes another question. If serious changes in the modes of instruction have occurred, it is pertinent to ask whether they are improvements or impediments in the acquisition of a true education? It matters little how the great end is gained. The best way to secure the true development of every faculty of the mind is the best mode of education. It is this very thing that has been the study of modern educators, especially for the last quarter of a century. The public school has been gradually changing its processes, so as not simply to develop and cram the memory, but to bring out all the faculties of attention, reflection, observation, invention and reasoning; to give a child the use of his mental implements, and show him how to find his nourishment in books and nature, and the thoughtful attention to business. The masters and lady teachers of to-day perform a world more of service now than formerly; they actually become far the best text books for the culture of the child. They do not sit, and mend pens, or sew, or read papers, or novels, while pupils are learning their geography or history by heart; but they are on their feet during nearly all the school hours, quickening the mental action of the student, catching and holding his attention, making him think for himself, and teaching him how to study. This is what the true teachers of our day should seek to do, and what

many are doing. Before, therefore, judging of the influence of the school by the number of books perused or learned, go and sit in the classes, and see if the minds of the pupils are beginning to be developed, if they are becoming intelligent, if they have any ideas of their own, and really understand what they are studying. When these habits of study are once established the acquisition of further knowledge will be an easy and pleasant office.

We trust our readers, therefore, will make it a moral duty, and will also find it a peculiar pleasure, to visit the schools before the close of the present term—especially now, as the public school is the occasion of the most serious debate between the Romanists and all the remaining citizens of the republic, and as the sectarian schools they desire to establish, upon the basis of a pro rata division of the public school funds, are everywhere the poorest in the civilized world. And as the present system is the one great agency by which our foreign population is Americanized, and all our citizens prepared for the exercise of their important public duties, let our people renew their confidence in them and conviction of their value by personal visitation and sympathy. After such a careful examination, criticisms, if offered, will certainly be likely to be pertinent and sensible.

THE VALUE OF TRUE HISTORY.

The significance of honest and true history was never more emphatically taught than in the present era, when the fate of nations has almost been settled by their mode of treating this great study. No one understands the present who does not carry with him a living picture of the past, whence to draw his lessons; and no nation can arrive at an independent judgment, in regard to its position and duties, that does not in some measure understand the influences that have led it to adversity or prosperity.

It would not be difficult to prove that neither in ancient nor modern times have men been at the mercy of the disposition of individuals or classes, unless, beside the power exerted over them, there has been a concerted plan to deceive them by ignorance or falsehood. True history is therefore one of the highest developments of national culture, and of incalculable influence on the tendency and free development of a people. That nation, therefore, which has attained the highest perfection in this study has become a power unto itself, as that one which has perverted its teachings to ignoble or unwise ends has forged the weapons for its own destruction.

We are led to these reflections by the perusal of serious works regarding this subject by the venerable Dr. Döllinger, who lately delivered an address on the significance of historical study, on the occasion of the one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences. The German historians have done great honor to the land; and, at a period when the necessity of education and culture in this branch is so very desirable, it is gratifying to see so venerable a scholar stepping into the lists with his experience. In the course of his exposition he said, among other things: "We must not overlook the fact that historical investigation and presentation do not thrive at every period, and cannot be called into being by a mere fiat of the national will. The historian must himself have seen the impulses of human passions, the connection and mutual influence of social and political interests, and the end of violent catastrophes in order, as investigator and author, to be able to present and animate his subject, and especially to form a decisive judgment regarding it."

Thus the author alludes to Greeks and Romans, and to the various periods of German and French history. The moral of his story is extracted from the contrast which he draws between German and French historians. French history, he argues, has never been the instructor of the princes or the people of France. Their history has always taught them that they are the first nation of the world, and that their monarchs have always been the greatest of rulers. In the series of nationalities they have been the last and highest link, ruling the present and the future; all the rest of humanity has light only in so far as they receive it from the brilliancy of this sun of nations.

The modern French historians, Thiers, Lamartine, Mignet, etc., hold the relation to Voltaire of pupils to a master; they are all impelled by the same spirit—that of representing France always in the most flattering light, and making the total impression that it alone has produced an inexhaustible fulness of glory and renown. The historian knows that every Frenchman is educated to the most exclusive self-admiration, and his work must respond to this feeling. In this way Thiers wrote his history of the Consulate and the Empire, and made it little else than a running commentary on the dogma of the military invincibility of the nation. Lamartine's History of the Girondins depicted in so attractive a manner the revolutionary spirit, the doings of the demagogues, the scenes of the clubs, the demonstrations of the streets, that the book had a large share of influence in creating the revolution of 1848.

Now Döllinger proves that the Germans have been comparatively free from this national weakness. Many of the German monarchs not only made, but studied history. Frederick the Great studied and wrote the history of his forefathers and his country, for which purpose he drew from the most

authentic sources of extensive libraries. And when he had done thus he caused sections of his history to be read before the Academy for criticism or correction. After treating of this valuable tendency of his people, in contrast with that of some other nations, France and Italy in particular, he gives to his own nation significant words of warning in these terms: "We may hope that the good genius of the German nation will protect it from such errors and seductive arts. Vain self-admiration is not certainly a national fault of the Germans. Five centuries of continued ill fortune and of national delusions, brought about by our own fault, and paid for by our own humiliation, have taught us modesty. Every new work drawn from original sources and the archives of individual parties brings us new proof, and helps us to deeper insight and clearer intelligence of the fact that blind selfishness, nepotism, and superstition have been the cause of our fall and humiliation."

Recent events certainly prove these wise words of this great teacher, and the German people are fortunate in having so wise an expounder, and the more so in being willing to listen to words by no means flattering to Union and victory, whereas many years of discord had reduced them to disintegration, defeat, destructive civil wars, and foreign rule. If they will lay this lesson to heart in their conflict with interior and exterior foes, and cling to each other, no power on the continent can subdue them.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

A SATURDAY NIGHT IN GLASGOW.

Each great city has its own peculiarities, and there is a personality about the aggregations of humanity which is as distinct as those which mark the personality of individuals. Taking our course from our hotel in Buchanan street, which is one of the principal streets of the city, we commence our investigations. The sidewalks are well filled with comfortable looking people, who seem to have a quiet, easy air, as though the week's work were done, and well done, and their meditations were all of a satisfactory character. A few minutes' walk brings us to the intersection of Buchanan and Argyle streets; and here, whether we look to the right or left, we see the sidewalk, and even the middle of the street thronged with multitudes of people. We turn to the left, and for a half mile we make our way through these throngs of promenade, and yet there seems to be no diminution of their numbers; the stream is just as full as when we first entered it; and we are told that it extends for at least a mile and a half in length along this straight, broad street. Manifestly these people have no special business; at least, such must be the case, for, like ourselves, they are saunterers; they are here to see and to hear anything that may by chance occur. The shops of various kinds along the street (for it is a street of shops) are brilliantly lighted up, making an attractive display of all kinds of wares, with apparently few customers.

But, turning to the right, we pass down King street, and along towards the regions of the poor, of the grog shops and the tenement houses. If the other streets were crowded, these are thronged to overflowing. There are street singers, some of them poor and ragged women, with a little child, it may be, in arms, singing in most dolorous tone and measure for some half pence the pitiful may bestow. Here are drunken brawlers, both men and women, who make the street hideous with their presence and their noise; and they get drunk, despite the abundance of beer and all sorts of light drinks, and they are just as noisy and wretched as drunken people anywhere else. We enter one of the grog shops, with squalid poverty on every hand, and a shop that rents for six thousand dollars a year, and there are four men behind the long bar, working with intense earnestness to supply the calls for drink. There are young men at the bar, well-dressed and good-looking enough; there are old men, and men in middle life, some of them bleary-eyed and ragged and drunk, but still drinking; there are two young women; and, saddest of all, a woman with a little bare-headed baby, which she is holding in a careless way with one hand, while with the other she raises to her lips a glass of whisky.

Going from this place of death we wander among the various dealers in all sorts of things that people ever want. The auctioneer is busy at his trade, and, quietly seated on the curbstone, with feet in the gutter, is a wrinkled old woman, seventy or more, with a little basket of young onions, or leeks, the outer skin of which she is quietly peeling off, so that the whiteness of the bulbs may attract the eye of purchasers; she is oblivious to all the world, and to all worlds; she means to sell her onions, and she is intent upon this one thing. True, she has a short clay pipe in her mouth, which she puffs away at with great energy, but yet an automatic energy, for one reader sees that her mind is not on her pipe. True, the noise of the multitude is great and various, but that is nothing to her; those onions must be sold; and, oblivious of all things else, she works away.

A little away from the center of traffic is a company of well-dressed young men and women, who are singing "The Gates Ajar." They sing it sweetly; they sing it for the love they have for Jesus, and the hope that it may lead some from the ways of sin and death; there is unctious and power in their singing. We love the song;

it calls up to mind the dear ones at home, and the tear starts unbidden to the eye. God bless the singers. Out on the bridge is another earnest soul, telling of the love of Christ to an attentive company of a hundred or more. Still further on is another, who is defending John Knox and Chalmers against Huxley and modern infidelity, and he makes a good fight, and carries the crowd; for Scotchmen believe in John Knox.

And so the hours pass on, until, weary with sights and sounds, we find our way to the quiet place from which we started, with the conviction most deeply impressed upon the mind that if Scotland were free from the curse of drink, there are elements of mind in her people which would add more and more to her fame and power.

W. F. M.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

PRINCES BAY, JUNE 8, 1875.

While under the influence of the celebration of the 100th birthday of Rev. Henry Boehm of the Newark Conference, etc., I send you the following.

It has been a most interesting occasion. Our Christian Methodist souls have been mightily moved and encouraged while we listened to the poets and orators of this meeting. We found the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, at 10 o'clock, yet quiet to overflowing. Preachers and people from the New York, Newark, New Jersey and Philadelphia Conferences were present.

A very appropriate hymn, written for the occasion by Rev. Thomas Smith, was sung, when prayer was offered by Rev. B. Weed. The Scriptures were then read by Rev. Father Reynolds, an aged veteran from the Northern New York Conference, followed by another hymn, by Fanny Crosby. Then came a short speech from Father Boehm. The old veteran spoke of the goodness of God to him during his long life, and of the great advance of our country and our Church. In his memory only the ferry-house stood where now was Jersey City, with its 100,000 people. He concluded his brief speech by saying that he would leave the rest to be delivered by his "venerable" friend, Rev. John Atkinson. This playful allusion to Bro. Atkinson, who is yet quite a young man, brought down the house.

Bro. A. proceeded with his sketch of the life of Father Boehm. He was born in Lancaster County, Pa., June 8, 1775, and was baptized by Bishop Whatcoat. His father was Rev. Martin Boehm, a Mennonite minister and Bishop, from Germany, who was very friendly to Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat, and the early Methodist preachers, and subsequently joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. Father Boehm was converted at about 18 years of age, began to preach at the age of 25, and was sent to Dorchester Circuit, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Here some 400 persons were brought to God, through his ministry and that of his colleague, Rev. John Robinson. This was in the year 1800. His name does not appear in the Minutes till 1802, when he traveled Kent Circuit. In 1803 he was on Dauphin Circuit, with Jacob Gruber; in 1804 on the same Circuit, with Amos Owen; in 1805 at St. Martin's, Del.; 1806-8 missionary in Pennsylvania; in 1809 he traveled with Bishop Asbury, and continued with him five years; in 1813-14 was President Elder of Schuylkill District; 1815-18 of Chesapeake District; and 1819-21 of Delaware District; in 1822-3 he was at his old home in Lancaster County, with Joseph H. Hiltch for a colleague (see some pleasant reminiscences by Dr. H. in the last Christian Advocate); in 1824-5 at Chester; in 1826-7 at Strasburg; in 1828-9 at Burlington, N. J.; in 1830-1 at Pemberton, N. J.; 1832 at Barzantown, 1833 at Tuckerton, 1834 at New Egypt; 1835-37 missionary on Staten Island, New York; and in 1837 his name appears on the superannuated list.

After this biographical sketch several interesting letters were read; one or two from Bishop Asbury were of special interest. One of 1811, from South Carolina, gives the delegates from the New England Conference to the first General Conference of 1812, of 1813, of 1814, of 1815, of 1816, of 1817, of 1818, of 1819, of 1820, of 1821, of 1822, of 1823, of 1824, of 1825, of 1826, of 1827, of 1828, of 1829, of 1830, of 1831, of 1832, of 1833, of 1834, of 1835, of 1836, of 1837, of 1838, of 1839, of 1840, of 1841, of 1842, of 1843, of 1844, of 1845, of 1846, of 1847, of 1848, of 1849, of 1850, of 1851, of 1852, of 1853, of 1854, of 1855, of 1856, of 1857, of 1858, of 1859, of 1860, of 1861, of 1862, of 1863, of 1864, of 1865, of 1866, of 1867, of 1868, of 1869, of 1870, of 1871, of 1872, of 1873, of 1874, of 1875.

Then came a very well delivered address by Rev. Prof. H. A. Buttz, of Drew Seminary. Prof. B. remarked that Father Boehm was an earnest friend of our young ministers, and that he proposed to give whatever might be contributed on this occasion, after his necessities were supplied, to the poor students at Drew Seminary. An address followed from Rev. J. S. Porter, of the Newark Conference, presenting a paper of \$150 from Philadelphia brethren, and assurance from other responsible brethren that this sum should be made up to \$500. A very polished address was then given by Rev. Jacob Todd, A. M., of Philadelphia, one of the committee sent by the Preachers' Meeting to bear this gift. He remarked that Father B. was born among them, but that he belonged to the whole Church. "A hearty head is a crown of glory," if he found in the way of righteousness. "Such was Father B. Not a spot, or a stain had ever fallen upon his character. Bishop Asbury used to answer for him in Conference, as there was no other to represent him, 'there is nothing against Bro. Boehm!' I will not venture a synopsis of this beautiful address. I presume it will be published in full.

The next part of the entertainment was an address by Rev. George Lansing Taylor, D. D. Bro. Taylor remarked, as he arose, that he was not a native of the State; he was an individual meant, as there was an addition to his name on the programme which did not belong to it. The Colleges will please take notice, and confirm the correctness of the programme at their next Commencements, by adding "D. D." to the name of Rev. Geo. Lansing Taylor. Bro. Taylor further playfully remarked that a young lady said that Shakespeare's verse, or plays, were not poetry, because it did not rhyme. He did not know but some of that family might be present at this meeting! His poem was in wide, swinging hexameters, and without rhymes, and with it all were delighted. It was on the Heroic Age of the Methodist Ministry. I never more richly enjoyed the reading of a poem. It will be published, of course, and I refrain therefore from attempting to reproduce any of its beautiful imagery.

Then followed a very admirable address

by Rev. Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., who said, we were about to discuss Methodism fully, he would first consider its doctrines, secondly its peculiarities, and thirdly its experience. The doctrines are, depravity, the Atonement, the New Birth, Conscious Union with God, Holiness, and Heaven; the peculiarities are the Class-meeting and the Itinerant Plan of preaching the Gospel; the experience is the doctrines set on fire in Christian hearts; this made the power there is in Methodism. To this address we all declared our hearty assent.

Finally came Dr. D. W. Bartine, who said he was baptized by Father Boehm, being often a visitor at his veteran father's house, who was also one of the old style Methodist preachers. Father B. had greatly encouraged him in the work of the ministry. He complained that each one who had preceded him had stolen a part of his thunder, but he would dwell on Methodism as teaching the doctrine of holiness, which previous speakers had not dwelt upon. He then warned us of some of our dangers, especially of departing from the itinerant plan of preaching the Gospel. This also was good; and the whole occasion was a feast of fat things.

For nearly four hours the old veteran, Father B., sat in the pulpit, as interested a listener as any other. His physician warned us that we must not shake hands with him, as he was too feeble to stand hand-shaking. But there was one exception: Father B. would shake hands with Mrs. Grant, the mother of President Grant, who was present in the congregation. Thus ended the celebration of our Centennial birthday. God bless him and all his, and especially the house of God, who has so long served.

STEPHEN M. VAIL.

Editorial Paragraphs.

The powers behind the throne are already busy in arranging plans for the coming Fall elections in our State. The canvass promises to be a very lively one. The present amiable democratic Governor has intimations that his moderate course has failed to meet the expectations of the liquor men, and he has also crossed the path of the Celtic members of his party, in executing the State laws in reference to military companies. The abrogation of the prohibitory law, which made Mr. Gaston our chief magistrate, has not by any means harmonized his party. The temperance men who are not earnest prohibitionists are dissatisfied with the looseness of the present statute, the freedom with which licenses are given in some places, and the failure to punish breaches of it on the part of unlicensed dealers. The prohibitionists can never accept the license principle, and do not believe that the regulation of the sale of liquor by law can be any more successfully secured than the enforcement of its entire restraint for drinking purposes, in public places. The liquor sellers, who are not licensed, to a man are indignant, and ready to denounce the men and measures now in the ascendant, and to vote against the party establishing the law.

This is the hour for every true friend of temperance to be ready for prompt and vigorous action. Those that have been accustomed to vote with the Republican party, and who have heartily denoted its present success, will not think of any other name as a candidate than the noble one that graced their banners last Fall. Confessedly, in every way, one of the best of the men of his party for the high office of Governor, the only reason of his defeat was because he was true to moral principles, and steadfast in his utterance. It now would not be possible to preserve our self-respect and present any other name than that of Thomas Talbot to the people for their suffrages. All intimations that he will not accept the honor, if proffered, are gratuitous and unfounded. Temperance Republicans, and temperance men of every party name, will be ready to stand by the man who, while he failed in no sense to faithfully represent the political opinions of his party, is by no means a partizan, and best represents the robust and wholesome moral principle of New England. The doctrine of expediency does not lead us to too constantly and too consciously into the faces of honest men. The great interests of humanity are of infinitely more consequence than the claims of individuals, or even the success of political parties. The true men of the hour are willing to be loyal to political platforms, but they demand honest, positive, and pure men to stand up in them.

The Baptist Theological Seminary at Newton had a specially interesting series of exercises at its anniversary last week, drawing together a large number of its former graduates and present friends. It was the half-century celebration, and was made an hour of profitable congratulations and thanksgiving to God. The institution had in its earliest years the usual history of constant and severe struggles with poverty and limited provisions of every description, and, as usual, it developed in those days some of the noblest of characters, among ministers and laymen—men of faith, courage and wonderful self-sacrifice. Providence worked constantly with them, making their "light affliction, which was but for a moment, work out for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." The story of earnest endeavors and grand trust in God, on the part of trustees and faculty, with the good success that has followed, is full of encouragement to others who are now bearing heavy burdens in the establishment and endowment of Christian schools. God evidently smiles on their undertakings, and specially blesses their founders. Dr. Hovey's address, giving the history of the school, and very spirited and admirable short sketches of its first friends and faculty, was listened to with great interest by a large audience, and will be read with equal interest when published. The representatives of this vigorous school of the prophets, so finely planted upon its conspicuous hill-top, are to be found in all the chief seats of the denomination. It deserves to be cherished as it is by the branch of the Christian Church of which it is an ornament, a defense, and a source of constant growth and power. Its alumni now number seven hundred; its departments of Bible training are all well manned, and the institution is enjoying general prosperity.

The New York Times says of the parochial (Catholic) schools of that city, which are now offered to the Board of Education: "They are so poorly taught, so inferior in true education, that the priests have the greatest difficulty in retaining the children in them. It is notorious that one of the constant 'offices' of the Catholic clergy in this city is going about to the families of their parishioners, and seeking to recover children for the 'priests' schools.'"

The Nation also speaks as follows: "The education given or superintended by Catholic priests, is a bad education; indeed, for political purposes, worse than none. It unfits children for the citizenship of free States. If extended widely enough it would ruin this government. It has been tried for ages in various countries, and has in all worked unutterable mischief, and destroyed the sources of national greatness by killing

the sincerity, the truthfulness, the courage, and high-mindedness on which national greatness is based. The thoughtful and patriotic men of all Catholic countries are to day getting rid of it as a national curse. And it would be an astounding spectacle if, after the priests had been excluded from the work of public instruction in France, Spain, Italy, and Bavaria, they were to be allowed to carry it on here, with taxes voted by American citizens."

Father Thelner, formerly Vatican librarian, a man of great learning and ability, said that Catholic learning was "stunted, perverted, and dulled by the poisonous breath of these people (the Jesuits), and their wicked intrigues and juggles."

"Out of the eater came forth meat." Our Western friends seem disposed to retaliate upon their late terrible foes by eating them while they (the grasshoppers) eat up their crops. The *Warrensburg News* (Mo.) gives a very animated account of a practical experiment in the preparation of locusts for food, under several forms. Whether it is a *bona fide* statement, or a wicked joke upon a terrible theme, we have no means of determining, save that, finding it reported in the public prints, we must, of course, accept it as truth. The editor says:—

"We found a bounteous table spread, surrounded by the gentlemen named Miss May. Without much waste of ceremony there were five persons seated, and we were helped to soup, which plainly showed its locust origin, and tasted like chicken soup; and it was good. After seasoning was added, we could distinguish a delicate mushroom flavor, and it was better. Their came baked locusts, which locusts were well mixed, the soup had banished silly prejudice, and sharpened our appetite for this next lesson, and locusts were quickly disappeared also. Baked locusts were then tried (plain hoppers, without grease or condiment), and either eaten or thrown away. The locusts were pronounced an excellent dish. The meal was closed with dessert, a la John the Baptist—baked locust, and honey; and, if we know anything, we can testify that the distinguished Scripture character must have thrived on his rude diet in the wilderness of Judea. We believe this is the first attempt at putting this insect to its best use, and the result is not only highly satisfactory to those brave enough to make the attempt, but should this insect make his visit often, and cause greater destruction, future generations will hail his presence with joy."

We shall await with no little interest reports upon the new providential provision of food, where the starving multitudes of the West, where the grain has been eaten, from the pens of Lord Alva, and the others. Till we hear to the contrary, our impression is that it will be still prudent to remember the sufferers in our charitable gifts, and not place too much reliance upon the new edible.

The second copy that we have received of the *Gospel Banner* (Universalist) contains a prominent editorial review of an editorial in *Zion's Herald*. If the *Banner's* interpretation of Scripture, or its ordinary statement of facts is as wild and unfounded usually as its exposition of our article, we have a sincere commiseration for its readers. It neither understands the scope, the sentiment, or the purpose of it, and it willfully or ignorantly misrepresents its utterances. Every one of its first half-dozen lines contains a falsehood. There is nothing in our article that would permit its inference that "Zion's Herald is hungry for a hanging." It did not "pipe for the punishment of Piper." It did not affirm that "a hurried execution. The *Herald*, in the article referred to, did not even advocate capital punishment, but did insist upon the prompt and faithful execution of the law of the land while it remained upon the statute book. The attempt at wit upon the intimation that the death of the voluntary man-slayer may not be the worst thing for him, after proper space for preparation, is truly elephantine and distressing. If Universalism, as preached by such theologians as the editor of the *Banner*, is true, "the gallows" may come indeed "the most direct road to glory." It is such coarse and illogical interpretations of God's Word as is exhibited in this perversion of a writer's thoughts, and travestying of his words, that made the Universalist discourses of a former day so offensive to those who could honestly find only one plain meaning in the Bible revelations of the life to come. If, instead of distorting its meaning, the editor had simply published the article itself, and then made his comments, the good sense of his readers would have prevented them from any such conclusions as he has drawn; and the sentiments of it would have commended themselves to the intelligence of average minds.

Lassell Seminary had its anniversary last week, and a delightful occasion it proved to be. The powerful rain that fell in the first days of its exercises, which diminished the audience, added an exquisite grace to the natural beauties of this unsurpassed site. The examinations disclosed a thoroughness of instruction and acquisition on the part of pupils that was particularly encouraging. The intellectual discipline and enthusiasm of the school are marked in all its departments. Principal Bragdon, with his fine corps of teachers, has fully demonstrated the wisdom of the various lines of school in the choice of a successor to Mr. Cushing. The census of the school is large, also, 70 pupils in all having been instructed in its various divisions. Very properly, no class was graduated, as it has greatly advanced its standard of scholarship. The closing exercises, however, original and selected, varied among present pupils, alumni, and invited lecturers and guests, were especially entertaining. An Association among the former pupils has been formed. The address before it, of Miss Clark, a daughter of Dr. Clark, of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Charleston, and a former pupil, is spoken of by all as a superior literary performance. Lassell stands out with remarkable vigor upon its new departure, and gives promise of wide and great usefulness. No more charming of wholesome place to secure a solid education, with needed accomplishments, can be found for young ladies. Parents can safely send their daughters here, feeling easy as to health and pure morals, and certain as to the best intellectual training.

Rev. Horace James, for some years past one of the proprietors of *The Congregationalist*, died at Boylston, on Wednesday, the 9th, after a protracted illness. We have long known Mr. James, and were strongly attached to him. When he was at the Old South in Worcester, we were, for six years, at Lancaster, and often met him. A graduate of Yale and Andover, with more than average ability as a public speaker, a remarkably faithful and successful pastor, a man of rare wit and genial humor, magnetic, full of kindness and tenderness, but positive and resolute, struggling bravely for a long period against an inevitably fatal disease until his physical force was utterly broken, he was a man to be respected and loved wherever he moved, and a circle of friendly eyes will mourn at his death of his, not unexpected, but sincerely regretted departure.

Centennial literature still grows by what it feeds upon. Lockwood, Brooks & Co. send us a series of interesting historical discourses, preached by Rev. Henry Westcott, in the First Congregational Church, Lexington, Mass., on three successive Sabbaths in April, commencing with the eleventh. They are published in a neat pamphlet. The same firm, in a handsome form, Mr. Richard Henry Dana junior's fine oration, delivered in Lexington on the 10th of the month.

J. R. Osgood & Co. publish a highly ornamented pamphlet, entitled, Bunker Hill Memorial. It contains the capital poem, profusely and amusingly illustrated, of Oliver Wendell Holmes, entitled, Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle, As She Saw It from the Battery, and a fine detailed history, also embellished by characteristic cuts, of the great fight and the defeat without dishonor, written by James M. Bugbee. How short the time taken in this memorable battle, as compared with the common impression of it, or with the amazing results that grew out of it! It was only a struggle of an hour and a half; but within this period the British found time enough to lose 1,644 men. On the American side 145 were reported killed and missing, and 344 wounded.

B. B. Russell comes forward with his valuable contribution, A Faint Smell of the Original Declaration of Independence, in the handwriting of Thomas Jefferson, with the signatures of the assembled Congress. This is a striking and interesting memorial of the supreme hour in the birth of the Republic, and it is well-executed.

By a good majority, out of a very small vote, the citizens of Boston have settled the question of providing a series of extensive public parks around the city. Out of the now unsightly, newly-ditched lands in Back Bay, near the Charles River, with fine stretches of water, beautifully shaded avenues for driving and walking can be constructed at a moderate expense. In the vicinity of the Chestnut Hill reservoir ample opportunities for parks can be found, and the two could be united by one of the finest avenues in the country. The most cultivated men will be, without doubt, appointed as the three Commissioners by the Mayor, to carry out the spirit of the act, and, at no very distant day, Boston will rejoice in grounds both as ample and as beautiful as now form the boast and glory of New York.

One of our Boston Sunday-school publication firms, D. Lothrop & Co., shows its bravery and good taste, in equal measure, in sending out, amid the multitude of periodicals for youth, a new and very expensively published Monthly. It has, at first glance, a striking likeness in its general appearance to the St. Nicholas, its covers being ornamented with the same bright colors. But it differs from its Dutch compeer, both without and within. It is named the *Wide Awake*, and does justice to its title. Miss Eliza Farnham, the writer in a late Atlantic of the interesting article upon the farm conducted by two sisters, herself one of the sisters, is the editor. The list of contributors hardly leaves any good writer for the young world. The first number looks well, reads well, and is illustrated profusely, and in very spirited style. It is a bold venture for success, and well deserves the prize.

The Law School of Boston University graduated last week a class remarkable alike for numbers and promise. It numbers fifty-four. Eleven are graduates of Harvard College, five alumni of Bowdoin University, while Amherst, Amherst Agricultural, Bowdoin, Cornell, Dartmouth, Georgetown, Hobart, Knox, Middlebury, St. Michael, Wesleyan, Yale, and the Law School of Harvard University are each represented by one or more worthy sons. That this School can present such a graduating class the third year of its existence is a striking evidence both of the need and of the excellence of the institution.

The Alumni Association held their annual reunion on Wednesday evening at the Revere House. Dinner and speeches were alike excellent and the occasion was greatly enjoyed. The unexpected presence and glowing words of Hon. William Beach Lawrence, LL.D., the eminent writer upon the Law of Nations, were an especial treat.

The Romanists have succeeded in passing a bill, known as the "Ghegan Bill," having by the Ohio Legislature, which revolutionizes the religious discipline of prisons, asylums, and reformatories in that State. It shuts out all voluntary religious instruction, and, for the most part, Protestant instruction, from these institutions. Young Men's Christian Associations in Ohio are practically excluded from such work, and the prisoners, etc., who are largely Catholic in name, are turned over to Catholic priests. All compulsory attendance upon religious exercises is abolished. The bill provides that prisoners and inmates shall receive such religious advice as they prefer, which is plausible, but really intended to exclude Protestant chaplains and Sabbath-school teachers. The same was attempted in a most Jesuitical manner in the New York Assembly, but by timely movements on the part of the friends of liberty and good government it failed of a passage through the Senate.

Dr. J. W. Lindsay, of Boston University, sailed for a visit to Southern Germany, in the steamer of Saturday from Boston. Collector Simmons very courteously took the friends of Dr. Lindsay in his steam barge down the bay, giving them a delightful trip, and an opportunity to proffer, at the last moment, their best wishes for a happy voyage and safe return to the departing Professor. Dr. Lindsay goes to meet his children who are studying and touring in Europe, and to enjoy needed rest. He will return by the middle of September, in time for the opening of the University terms.

The promise now is for a large Freshman Class in the Academic Department of Boston University. Between twenty and thirty have already presented themselves for examination.

We notice the familiar name, to many of our readers, of Rev. J. C. W. Cox, among the speakers in the programme of the Commencement exercises at Iowa Wesleyan University. From a private letter, received not long since, we learn that Mr. Cox greatly enjoys his new field of labor in Burlington, Iowa. "I am delightfully situated," he says, "serving one of the kindest peoples, with genial surroundings, and happy prospects. My heart is very warm toward New England, but I am learning also to prize highly this Western land, which is very high to see. The dear old HERALD is a welcome visitor, never more highly prized and carefully read than now. Here's a 'God-speed' to you from this farthest bank of the Mississippi!"

Father Boehm, in his autobiographical sketch, referred to by Dr. Vail, paid a touching tribute to the late Dr. Wakley, to whom he was tenderly attached. Dr. Wakley was present at the New Jersey Conference anniversary of Father Boehm's (Centennial), and shared in the impressive re-

mines. He had promised, and fully expected to be present at the birth-day exercises. But he was not, for God had taken him. "I shall soon see him," said the venerable patriarch, "and Asbury, and others dear to me, where the saints of all ages in harmony meet." What a wonderful and joyful meeting it will be!

On Monday, May 31, just after Preachers' Meeting, Rev. C. L. McCurdy was suddenly attacked with a severe hemorrhage, which awakened the serious anxieties of his friends. Dr. Clark, however, when called, relieved them from any apprehension of immediate danger. Brother McCurdy has rallied fully, and writes us from his home at South Lawrence: "There is no special cause for alarm in my case. I am suffering somewhat from weakness, but have considerable appetite, and shall be able, I think, after a few weeks' rest, to again attend to my loved work."

Williams' Lecture Bureau Magazine for next season is just out. The list contains some very eminent names, such as Carl Schurz, with a new lecture; Charles Bradlaugh, of London; Prof. Richard A. Proctor, of London, the eminent astronomer; Daniel Douglass and Henry Aramit Brown, orators of whom Philadelphia is always proud; Wendell Phillips; Rev. Dr. Tiffany on "The First Great American"; Rev. Dr. Chapin; Prof. W. H. Niles, with a new lecture on "Holland and its People"; illustrated; Dr. Cordova, with his inimitable fun; Dr. Lorimer; H. G. Spaulding on "The Antiquities of Rome," illustrated with the stereopticon; Dr. Villers, with his lecture on "Penny People We Meet." Among the editorial staff we notice the name of W. A. Hovey, editor of the *Boston Transcript*; among readers, Professor Churchill, Professor Brown, Miss Cayan and Wyzeman Marshall are prominent. By addressing simply "Williams' Lecture Bureau, Boston," the Magazine will be sent to any address gratuitously.

Our old friend, Rev. C. B. Dunn, late Presiding Elder of the East Maine Conference, has a wide reputation for dry wit. A local paper has preserved this relic from his late official correspondence. From the back of a postal card, secured by a friend, we take the following communication, which is characteristic of the author. The card was addressed to Rev. S. H. Beale, South Orono, Me., and mailed at Calais, May 7th: "Dear Brother B.—You anxious feel, and wish to know how you may go to Conference with least expense. I write to you, and tell you true, the roads are sad; the travel is bad, and the fare is high. You'll break your wagon, spoil your dress, and find yourself in great distress, tired and weary, sick and cross. Hence, I advise the roads to shun. Your friend and brother, C. B. DUNN."

The Methodist says, from late and perfectly trustworthy information, "we know that the item going the rounds of the press, in reference to the ill health of Dr. Abel Stevens, is without foundation. He has entirely recovered from a temporary illness, and is now in better health than for a long time previous to this late sickness."

A CHARMING ROUTE.—As many of our readers will have occasion to visit Martha's Vineyard this and the ensuing months of July and August, we would suggest to them (or rather to those who have not yet tried the route via Old Colony Railroad and Wood's Hole) that an unexpected pleasure awaits the traveler by this charming route. The railroad passes through some of the finest scenery in Massachusetts, especially where it skirts, for miles, the attractive shores of Buzzards' Bay. The steamboat connections between Wood's Hole and Martha's Vineyard are in perfect keeping with the railroad accommodations, the steamers being large, swift and safe, and the trip to the Vineyard occupying but little more than half an hour. Should any one fancy the acquaintance of Old Father Neptune in this short trip, the enjoyment can be extended by continuing it to Nantucket—a place desired by all who love the sea-side resorts. Martha's Vineyard never looked so attractive as now, and her unique city, Oak Bluffs, with the camp-meeting attractions, is one of the curiosities of modern watering places.

TO CAMP-MEETING ASSOCIATIONS.—Wily managers, and all interested, bear in mind that for advertising camp-meetings we charge only one-half our established rates. Dates of meetings are inserted in the calendar free. All descriptions of grounds, means of communication, prices of board, whether sent as a reading item, or otherwise, will be considered an advertisement, and charged as such. So, brethren, do not fail to spread before the readers of ZION'S HERALD the attractiveness of your respective grounds, and a prominent place will be given to the largest advertisements on the conditions indicated.

Families going out of town, or those residing in the country, can secure competent servants by visiting or addressing "Miss Martin, Mount Hope House, Roslindale, Mass." Several efficient laundresses, cooks, and girls for general house-work, will be ready for places about the first of June; and housekeepers willing to help the unfortunate in their efforts for a better life will find an opportunity of doing a good work while supplying themselves with help.

One of the pleasantest excursions of the season is a trip to New York by the Fall River line of steamers. A short railroad ride, in the most comfortable of cars, on the Old Colony Road, and then comes one of the finest of sails in a floating palace. The state rooms are the perfection of comfort. However large the company, with the immense halls of the Providence and Bristol, there is no crowding, and the attentions of the servants are constant and courteous. Two nights and one day give an opportunity to enjoy a whole day in New York, and such a well-upon the Sound as is, of itself, worth the full cost.

The able discourse, the opening of which is published on the second page of our present issue, was delivered by Dr. S. L. Bowman. His name was accidentally omitted from the head of it.

The friends of ex-Governor Talbot have had prepared a fine portrait by Billings, now on exhibition at Williams & Everett's. It is destined for the Governor's Room at the State House.

We regret to learn that Rev. J. D. Brown, of the India Conference, has suffered from an attack of paralysis, which threatens seriously to impair his health.

Treasurer B. B. Russell acknowledges through the Boston Herald the receipt of the handsome sum of \$961.42 as the net proceeds of the Mammoth Old Folks' Concerts of March last, given in aid of the Boston Missionary and Church Extension Society.

Nelson & Phillips add to their juvenile library a nice box of books, called the *HOME STORY SERIES*. There are three of them, very handsomely published. They are by Augusta Larned, and are fine, short tales for the little folks.

The veterans of 1812 will join the procession at Charlestown Square on the 17th. HENRY LITTLE, Marshal.

THE WEEK.

FOREIGN.
England.—A deputation of English authors has waited on Mr. Disraeli to talk over the subject of international copyright. They complained that by the present laws great detriment was done to English authors, a first publication abroad forfeiting all domestic rights, and that the Canadian law for the protection of British authors, which forbids the importation into Canada of foreign reprints of English books, is disregarded. In this way the Queen was a loser by 40,000 of one of her books being imported from America, we presume. Into Canada—The *Christian World* (London) very severely criticises the speech of Dr. Tate, archbishop of Canterbury, at the late anniversary of the British Foreign Bible Society. He trespasses upon the properties of such a meeting by introducing controverted points, and much of his address was no better than cant. **The World** adds, "Dr. Punsion and Mr. Spurgeon teach us what sensible and effective speaking is. They show us what it becomes in its lawful hands, and if all can not rival their ability, they may try at least to imitate their good sense." The *Liberator* State advertises many publications on Dis-establishment, such as "Dis-establishment—what good will it do?" "Voluntarism in the United States and Canada;" "How the Clergy are State-paid;" "The Poor Man's Church;" "A Word to Methodists on Church Establishments;" "John Wesley and the Established Church;" "Some Reasons for Being a Dissenter;" "The Ideals of the Church of England, and Her Parochial Endowments;" "Sale of Church Livings," etc.—Dr. Lightfoot, in the *Contemporary Review*, also controverts the views of the origin of the four Gospels given in "Supernatural Religion;" and, strange to say, Matthew Arnold in the same periodical joins issue with that work. Among the Congregationalists some of the ministers, as Baldwin, Brown, make "The Liberator" the central doctrine of Christianity; others, "the Cross," i. e., the atonement.

Lord Shaftesbury has brought before Parliament the cruel practice of chimney-sweeping by boys. At least 23 boys have been killed by suffocation in chimneys. To harden the flesh of the knees and elbows of the sweeps strong brine was rubbed in, close to a hot fire. A horrible disease sometimes attacks these poor unfortunate. Mr. Leveson, of London, who brings over live cattle to England from South America, has contrived an improved method of storing them on shipboard, by which they do not suffer on the voyage. Before the Queen went to Balmoral she gave a small party to her grand-children at Windsor Castle. The numerous returns in the 34 districts of the Wesleyans show a net gain of about 5,000 last year. Much has been done in the way of liquidating chapel and other debts. The Jubilee Singers, of Fisk University, are to make another musical tour through England. Queen Victoria was 56 on May 24. Mr. Tennyson has sent to the press his new poem, "Queen Mary; a Drama." A statue of Canning has been placed in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Playfair has introduced a bill into Parliament which provides that persons making an experiment on a live animal, of a nature to cause pain, shall be liable to three months' imprisonment, or a fine of \$250. Every year a "floral sermon" is preached to the young in London, in the church of St. Katharine Cree. Every person attending is expected to bring a bouquet of flowers.

The intervention of England is believed to have dispipated the danger that menaced the peace of Europe. But the *London Spectator* considers the continued peace "a mere dream."—In the *Watchman and Wesleyan Advertiser* of London, May 19, directly under a notice of the Seamen's Christian Friend Society, is an advertisement of Kinabalu, L. L. whisky; "this celebrated and most delicious old mellow spirit is the very cream of Irish whisky." The religious papers of America do not regard whisky, however "delicious" and "mellow," as very friendly to seamen, or anybody else, and do not insert such advertisements.—More than 100 persons, chiefly from Wales, lately left Liverpool to join the Mormons.—Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists and Episcopalians held united service at Ealing and Action for an anti-trust, during May, with happy results. At Spennywood a new Wesleyan chapel has been dedicated, which cost \$17,500, and will seat 900 persons. Dr. Punsion preached the sermon. At a late meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society the president, Samuel Morley, M. P., spoke of the "two simple-minded evangelists from America" as "stirring up the very heart of London."

France.—Romish pilgrimages are reviving. On the 4th 20,000 pilgrims visited the shrine at Paray-le-Monial, among them the archbishop of Paris and Orleans. It is not unlikely that the present Assembly, of 750 members, may be dissolved as soon as October. The new one will contain 500 members. The Legitimists have little to hope from a new election. The Ultramontane Catholics propose denouncing a bill extending the powers of savings-banks as an impeachment of Providence. How plausible!—A Frenchman, De la Bastie, has discovered a method of toughening glass, so as to render it practically infrangible. This invention will cause a revolution in the manufacture and uses of glass. The result is obtained by transferring the glass directly from the furnace to a bath of hot oil.

The Paris Bible Society distributed last year 10,553 copies of the Bible. It will soon publish a new translation of the Old Testament by Professor Second. The government has appointed two commissioners to represent the country at the Centennial Exhibition, and the Assembly will probably vote for the purpose \$120,000. M. Dufaure, Minister of Justice, an able republican, is the leading member of the government, and vigorously prosecuting the work of consolidating the republic, and securing permanent peace and order. The new Parliament (Senate and Chamber of Deputies) is to hold an annual session of five months. On the 9th there was a terrific gale at Paris and other places. In Paris thousands of chimneys were blown down, and other damage done, to the amount of 11,000,000 francs.

India.—Twenty thousand Bombay Hindoos have petitioned the British Parliament to grant to India the right of representation in that body. Let England remember the example of America, and do justice to this great dependency.

Japan.—Many new harbors are to be opened to foreign ships. A near relative of the Emperor has entered the Prussian army, to perfect himself in military tactics.

Ireland.—The Methodists number 20,222.

with a last year's gain of 282. Negotiations are in progress with union with the Primitive Wesleyan Methodists.

Mexico.—President Lerdo has been acquitted by Congress, 123 to 10, and will not be impeached. Congress has voted \$30,000, to meet the expenses of a representative to the Centennial Exhibition. Quick silver has been found in abundance in the Zacatecas mines.

Italy.—The Italian government forbids any ecclesiastics who have not been confirmed by it to exercise their office. May 13th was the Pope's birthday. He was presented with \$20,000, and some jewelry, and an address from German Catholics, signed by about a million names, which filled 18 large volumes. One declaration of opinion must have been very agreeable to his holiness: "Submission to the pontiff is absolutely necessary to the salvation of every creature." What wonder that the German government sees a dangerous political enemy in pope!

Spain.—The government refuses to comply with the Pope's demand for the suppression of Protestant worship. A decree has been issued, allowing free discussion, during the elections which are pending, of all constitutional questions, save those which pertain to the monarchy.

Germany.—The order of Civil Merit has been conferred by the Emperor on Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Longfellow. Catholic monks and nuns in Germany have increased, since 1851, from 1,200 to 9,000, who are largely engaged in education. They are a power which the government has sought to break by extinguishing the religious orders. In Prussia 16,700 Catholics are reported to have become Protestants last year. There is some opposition to the bill for the abolition of religious orders, especially in favor of the Sisters of Mercy and others, who are charged with the care of the sick and poor. A grand banquet was given at Carl Schurz by the American residents of Berlin, the Professor of the University, and many other distinguished persons, on the 8th.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.
The majority in favor of public parks in the city, at the vote on the 9th, was 1,593. The Farragut money, \$300,000, is to be distributed among 4,000 claimants. At the different mints there are \$6,000,000 in silver coin, to which \$3,000,000 more are to be added. The prospect of specie resumption in the Fall is good. The work of enlarging the post-office in this city will not be long delayed. Messrs. Jackson and Stevens of Boston, get \$60,534, with interest, as the prize of a contest for the post and the International Typographical Union met last week in this city. The Massachusetts Medical Society held its annual session last week. Hon. Neal Dow has returned from England. Abraham Jackson's ball ought to be large enough to suit him. \$80,000. A portion of Daniel Webster's library was sold recently at auction. On the 8th there occurred a terrible boiler explosion at Lisle. One was killed and several injured. A true bill has been found against Piger for the murder of Mabel Young. The Central Vermont Road is in trouble, but we believe that all will come out right, the president of the board of directors, ex-Governor J. Gregory Smith, being a gentleman of the highest ability and integrity. Lead and silver have been found in Haverhill. James E. Chase, owner of the White Star, where the poet was born, conceived the idea that lead and other ores might be found on his farm, and sunk a shaft some 20 feet, and on blasting with dynamite the top rock, found splendid supplies of lead and silver, equal to the best found at the Newbury mines.

New Hampshire.—The Superior Court leaves the action of the Governor and Council untouched, declining to interfere with the executive branch of the government. The Republicans acquiesce. Hon. F. C. Cheney is elected governor.

New York.—The merchants and business men had a great rejoicing, last Thursday afternoon, over the receipt of the news of the success of the submarine lines of the Direct U. S. Cable Co., which runs from Rye Beach, N. H., to Ballingskillings Bay, Ireland. The last work of the company was to complete a gap of the American coast to a buoy at sea, 250 miles distant. The offices of the new company, No. 16, Broadway, New York, were brilliantly lighted up that evening until a late hour. One great advantage of the new line is that all messages will be sent direct.

Washington.—By a law of Congress, passed last winter, silver coin is to be substituted for fractional currency. Dr. Linderman, director of the Philadelphia Mint, thinks this can be accomplished before long. The amount of gold withheld from circulation in France, Germany, and the United States is \$1,000,000,000, which \$100,000,000 are in the United States. Internal revenue receipts for the year, \$102,433,844. No light on the late Treasury robbery. The internal revenue and custom house receipts for June 9 were \$685,530; on the 8th, \$680,243. A treaty has been made with Turkey for the extradition of criminals.

Pennsylvania.—About 2,000 insurgent miners have been on a raid, preventing the resumption of work by new hands.

Virginia.—The Mount Vernon estate (Washington's) is to be repaired.

Illinois.—The Governor has been issuing pardons at the rate of 214 a year. The legislature there is hardly a terror to evil doers.

Missouri.—The Constitutional Convention on the 21st passed in favor of a recognition of God in the Constitution.

California.—The San Francisco Alta speaks glowingly of the prosperous condition of the Pacific side of the continent. The crops have been fair, the mines unusually productive, and throngs of tourists and immigrants fill the hotels and add to the wealth and laboring force of the country. Within the first four months of the year 15,000 permanent additions have been made to the population.

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.
Eight foreign missionaries were present at the meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (north) at Cleveland, May 24th. A letter was received from the Presbyterian Church at Chefoo, China, written in gilt letters, on a roll of cherry-colored silk, signed by the 300 members. An address was made by a Creek chief. The Creeks have a Council (or Congress) with an upper and a lower house. The president of the Senate is a Presbyterian preacher, which resulted in a resolution that this County Conference raise \$1500, one quarter of the amount needed, before the annual meeting. The additions to the Churches of this Conference have been 150 more than during last year; the benevolent contributions 1000 less.

Rev. James Nason of North Berwick, has accepted a call from the Free Baptist Society of Meredith Centre, N. H.

Three hundred children were confirmed in the Catholic Church last Sabbath by Bishop Healy.

Rev. A. F. Hutchinson, formerly of New Gloucester, accepts a call of the Free Baptist Church in Cape Elizabeth.

[Continued on the 9th page.]

LITERARY.
The 21st anniversary of Edward College Institute commences on Sunday, June 20th, with a Baccalaureate Address by Rev. C. Chapin. C. C. McCabe, of Philadelphia, in the evening; Monday evening, Social Reunion of faculty, students and alumni; Tuesday, public class examinations in Book Keeping, Commercial Law, Rhetoric, Geometry and French, and in the evening the annual Students' Exhibition, literary and musical, and awarding diplomas to Commercial College graduates; Wednesday, public examinations in Homer, Botany and Kames, with inspection of oil paintings; and in the evening, exercises of graduating class, and a valedictory diploma. The class consists of 27 this year.

The anniversary exercises at Chamberlain Institute and Female College commences with the annual sermon Sunday, A. M., June 20, by Rev. Charles W. Cushing, D. D., of Cleveland, O.; address before the Neosho Society, Monday evening, by Rev. Randolph S. Foster, D. D.; on Tuesday evening, the annual address by Rev. Lucius H. Bugbee, D. D., of Meadville, Pa.; graduating exercises at 10 A. M., Wednesday; examinations on Monday and Tuesday afternoon; salutations, drawings and wax work on exhibition in the chapel; meeting of the board of trustees, Wednesday afternoon, 3 P. M.; social reunion on Wednesday night at the boarding hall; distribution of cards of standing, and closing exercises, Thursday morning.

Notes from the Churches.
MASSACHUSETTS.
Brookfield.—Rev. C. H. Harnard writes, June 8: "A public meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church here last Sabbath evening. A very able and interesting address was delivered by Mrs. W. F. Clifton of Hopkinton, one of the vice presidents of the New England Branch. Remarks were also made by Mrs. L. A. Sherman, president of the Brookfield Auxiliary, Rev. W. Mowrey, and the pastor. Appropriate music added much to the interest of the occasion. The house was filled with an appreciative audience, who listened with rapid attention throughout the exercises."

RHODE ISLAND.
Providence.—Some six weeks ago a man and his wife arrived at Hope, and applied to Mr. R. Howland, the esteemed Superintendent of the Hope Co., for food and shelter, stating that owing to a long sickness they had been reduced in circumstances. They were accommodated at Mrs. Gardner's boarding house. The next day the wife engaged a man to work for their board until he could obtain work. Early in May he said he had obtained a situation as under clerk in the Supreme Court, through Mayor Doyle and a Mr. Knapp of Providence, and on the strength of this borrowed \$10 of his boarding mistress. Last Tuesday we discovered he was a fraud. He has left his wife at Hope, and has grievously imposed upon Mrs. Gardner. This accomplished hypocrite goes by the name of Joseph Parker, makes great professions of religion, looks very sanctimonious, has some color, and a small portion of red chin whiskers, is about 5 feet 7 inches high, weighs about 125 pounds, represents himself as an author of a book entitled, "Advice to Young Men," and also to be a popular lecturer, having one lecture on the subject of "clouds, and how to rest in them."

I feel it my duty to give the above facts to my brethren, and thus prevent further imposition under the cloak of religion.

WILLIAM KIRKBY.
Hope, R. I., June 8, 1875.

MAINE.
Rev. Paul C. Richmond, an honored member of Maine Conference, died suddenly at his home in Fryburg, May 28th. He retired as usual Saturday evening, and after about an hour's sleep, hearing an unusual noise, lighted the lamp, and found that his dear husband had fallen asleep in Jesus. He had long feared the physical suffering of death, but the dear Lord, for whom his life had been so long devoted, was pleased to save his servant from the bitter pang of death.

Memorial services were held in City Hall, Portland, last Sabbath afternoon, by the Bowdoin Post of the G. A. R. Rev. Mr. Dale preached an able sermon.

The anniversary of the Y. M. C. A. was held at the Free Baptist Church last Sabbath evening, addressed by Rev. S. Dalton and Mr. White. Mr. F. A. Smith and Mr. N. D. Curtis. The reports show that \$1,699.31 has been expended during the year, and four regular weekly meetings and two Sabbath-schools sustained by the Association.

Rev. G. C. Andrews, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Buxton, received three persons in full connection last Sabbath.

The First Lutheran Church of Portland has purchased a lot on Elm street for erecting a Church building.

Twelve were baptized last Sabbath by Rev. C. F. Holbrook, of the Baptist Church in Saco.

Nine were baptized at Wells Depot, last Sabbath by the pastor of the Baptist Church.

The consecration of Bishop Healy, of the Diocese of Portland, cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, June 2d, with the most imposing ceremonies, Bishop Connolly, of Halifax, preached the sermon, in which he said emphatically that "the living Word, handed down from one living teacher to another, is the only infallible source of truth." Bishop Healy is said to be deeply interested in the temperance movement.

The Methodist and Free Baptist Churches of South Berwick united in a baptismal service last Sabbath. Rev. C. Munger and Rev. Mr. Moulton each baptized eight persons, the fruit of the revival which has been in progress for some time past. In the evening four rose for prayers in the Methodist Church.

The Cumberland County Conference of Congregational Churches met at Falmouth, June 8th and 9th. Considerable interest was awakened in the discussion of the work connected with the Maine Missionary Society, which resulted in a resolution that this County Conference raise \$1500, one quarter of the amount needed, before the annual meeting. The additions to the Churches of this Conference have been 150 more than during last year; the benevolent contributions 1000 less.

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[Continued on the 9th page.]

DEAFNESS.

Discharges from the ear, noise in the head, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Of-voice, Hoarseness, Croup, Throat Affection and Deafness in the young, &c., &c., a watery cause, cured by DR. LIGTHILL.

5 Tremont Place Boston, Mass. Letters of inquiry must contain one dollar, to insure an answer.

SECURE INVESTMENTS.

GEO. LEONARD, AGENT FOR THE PURCHASE AND SALE OF REAL ESTATE and Mortgages. References—A. F. BENTON, Pres't, National Exchange Bank of Boston. F. HALEY, Pres't, Boston National Bank of Boston. Office, 7 Exchange Place. (Formerly Litchell St.) BOSTON.

SUMMER BLACK GOODS.

JORDAN, MARSH & CO. ANNOUNCE A SPECIAL SALE

SEVERAL LARGE LOTS

Brilliantines, Alpaca, CASHMERES and HERNANIS,

GREATER INDUCEMENTS

Than have been offered in these Goods this Season.

100 PIECES Black Alpaca

AT 37 1-2 CENTS.

400 PIECES BLACK ALPACA,

AT 50 CENTS.

AN EXTRA GOOD QUALITY 50 PIECES BLACK BRILLIANTINE

AT 37 1-2 CENTS.

120 PIECES Black Cashmere

40 Inches Wide, at 75c.

30 PIECES Black Cashmere

47 Inches Wide, at 37 1-2 Cts.

100 PIECES IMPORTED STRIPED GRENADES,

At 25 Cents.

100 PIECES BROCHE STRIPED GRENADES

AT 50 CENTS.

This is one of the best Bargains we have offered this season; the goods are Silk Finish, and are assorted in a great number of different and elegant designs.

40 PIECES STRIPED HERNANI,

At 75c. former price \$1.

25 PIECES TWO-YARD WIDE HERNANI,

At \$1.25 per Yard.

These Hernanis are all Wool, and have been found to give much greater satisfaction than much higher priced Goods.

A FULL LINE OF BLACK DRAPS D'ETE FOR SACQUES, Etc.,

From \$1.50 to \$5 per Yard.

JORDAN, MARSH & CO., WASHINGTON & AVON STREETS.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

4,200,000 PACKAGES SOLD IN 1872 & 1873.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freedom from Dust, Dur

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter.

Sunday, June 27.

Lesson XIII. 1 Samuel, xii, 20-25.

BY REV. D. C. KNOWLES.

SAMUEL'S PARTING WORDS.

Leader. 20 And Samuel said unto the people, Fear not; ye have done all this wickedness; yet turn not aside from following the LORD, but serve the LORD with all your heart;

School. 21 And turn ye not aside; for then should we go after vain things, which cannot profit nor deliver; for they are vain.

L. 22 For the LORD will not forsake his people for his great name's sake; because it hath pleased the LORD to make you his people.

S. 23 Moreover, as for me, God forbid that I should sin against the LORD in ceasing to pray for you; but I will teach you the good and the right way.

L. 24 Only fear the LORD, and serve him in truth with all your heart; for ye shall be blessed.

S. 25 But if ye shall both ye and your king.

After the coronation Samuel addressed the people. He called their attention to his advanced age and many infirmities, reviewed the record of his long official career, was publicly acquitted of all injustice, and then spoke of the dealings of God with their fathers, and exhorted them to continue faithful to His commandments. That he might impress upon them more fully the spirit of obedience, he called for thunder and lightning and rain, at a time when such phenomena were almost unknown in the land. God answered from the heavens, the rain fell in torrents, and the sky was resonant with the elemental strife. The people feared, and tremblingly sought the intercessions of Samuel in their behalf. At this point commences the farewell words of the good prophet.

Fear not. Dismiss this apprehension of speedy destruction. The reason assigned for this exhortation was not that of innocence. Samuel would not falsify facts. He told them plainly they were wicked sinners. He did not gloss over their ingratitude and oft-repeated rebellions. "Ye have done all this wickedness." A model preacher was he. He would be faithful to facts, though they slew him. His discourse differed from that of many modern ministers, who tell of the world that sin is an unintentional error, rebellion a mistake of the judgment, and tone down the turpitude of willful transgression until sin loses its sinfulness, and is made to appear as a misapprehension of a weak and ignorant, but very harmless nature. Not on this ground did Samuel rest his "fear not," but on the solid rock of God's mercy toward the penitent. It is right for ministers to call on men to dismiss their fears, but they should be very careful to state the only legitimate grounds for a renewal of confidence.

But serve the LORD with all your heart—good advice to everybody. Give to the winds your fears, but be sure you obey your God. Without obedience, fear is the legitimate state of the feelings. He who would ally fear, without leading the soul to loyal service, is a blind leader of the blind.

Which cannot profit nor deliver. These vain things were the customs, institutions and associations of the surrounding nations. All Israel's troubles came from their lusting after the manners and maxims of the heathen. Samuel plainly tells them they are a peculiar people, with institutions of their own—Institutions divinely given, and they were to let alone the habits and customs of their neighbors. These might seem pleasant to the eye, and much to be coveted; but the end thereof was ruin. So worldliness weakens and imperils Christian vigor. It is not profitable; it does not deliver from sin; it is vain. Beware of it.

Will not forsake His people—that is, His obedient people. God has nowhere said He would not forsake a backslider. He will not arbitrarily hold with an omnipotent grip a soul that willfully struggles to get free from His service; but He will never leave a submissive, loyal heart to be crushed by Satan. God's love to a loyal soul is eternal. Nothing can be more abiding, permanent.

For His great name's sake. God's name expresses His character. The pledge of His name is the pledge of His nature. God's nature, therefore, forbids that He should desert His own. If a mother's nature makes it impossible for her to forsake her child, how much more does the nature or name of God prohibit any such desertion. His attributes would be tarnished by such an act. The whole intelligent universe would be misled, and the glory of His character would be forever obscured. God is careful of nothing so much as His own conduct, lest His name should be eclipsed with a single act of injustice.

God forbid that I should sin. A grand comment this on the value of prayer. Samuel regards it as the channel of good to Israel. Prayer in his eyes is a power, an influence, whose benefits cannot be estimated. Israel's salvation may depend upon it. Hence, regarding it as he does, not to make use of it is to sin. Who of us have held prayer for others in that light? We often speak of the sin of neglecting to call sinners to repentance; but who ever heard a man confess the sin of neglecting to pray for the conversion of the world? Samuel evidently makes it a mighty factor in the well-being of Israel, a factor he dare not omit in his dealings with his people. He must pray for Israel, or stand condemned before God. And so must we. If prayer

be a power, a means of saving and blessing men, we cannot be guiltless unless we use it freely. It is one of our talents which must not be hid in the earth. How grandly Samuel rises above his prejudices. Israel had rejected him as her ruler, and yet, with a patriotism that rises superior to every personal offense, the noble prophet sinks self out of sight, forgets injury, and seeks only the salvation of his people. In this he imitates Christ, who prayed for His persecutors. A Christian who cannot ask God's richest gifts of grace upon his enemies has yet much to learn, even from the Old Testament. Samuel, born and reared under the vindictive teachings of "early age, when the lustre of a perfect life had never irradiated the conscience and reason of the race, acted more like Christ." Such a delinquency he could not excuse. He was so much a sin against man as God. It would be a sin against the Lord, in that it would misrepresent His spirit, and do violence to His nature. For a disciple to act differently from his Master is to sin against Him, to oppose His temper of mind. If God in Christ did not make intercessions for His enemies, He would deny Himself, and war with His own constitution. Hence he who would be Christ-like must do this, or sin against the spirit of His Master.

But I will teach you the good—both by precept and example; by example, in continuing to pray for them thus manifesting the forgiving, loving, self-sacrificing spirit; by precept, in his oft-repeated lessons of wisdom, inculcating obedience and love. Samuel purposed that no neglect on his part should weaken the loyal love of Israel. He meant to be faithful to the conscience and heart of his people. He was a royal minister. No stain rests upon his memory. From childhood to old age he stands almost without a peer in piety and unflinching patriotism. Just such men as he save nations from anarchy. Given, such men in the pulpits of America, and we will laugh to scorn all the craft of politicians, all the corruptions of rings, all the wickedness of the wicked. The salvation of our loved republic rests upon its ministry. If they are spiritual Nazirites, men consecrated to God, speaking only His will, and living only His life, our institutions will endure until the Saviour comes with the New Jerusalem. If the laity will help the ministry into the pool of perfect love by prayer, and jealously keep them there, instead of tempting and almost forcing them to fly from their cleansing touch by their own worldliness, we shall run less risk of national disaster and social disintegration. If we had more praying Hannahs among our mothers they would have less grounds for asking for the ballot, to protect them from unjust legislation.

Consider how great things. All good preachers use that word "consider" continually. That man is a success in the pulpit who succeeds in making the people pause and think about self and God. The charge of Heaven against man is, "My people will not consider." The carnal mind hates to think how great things God has done for it. Its occupations and pleasures are all originated to drive away such thoughts. He who thrusts such thoughts into the conscience and memory, so that business and levity cannot extract or repress them, has merited the title of a true servant of God. Sermons that do not lead to serious reflection are failures, though they may have swept heaven and earth with rhetorical illustrations, and darkened the sun with the splendor of their imagery.

Ye shall be consumed—even his own people, the favored of the Lord! Doubtless there were grumblers in that audience who objected to the utterance of such sentiments, as a libel on God, and as appealing to unworthy motives in man. But Samuel saw it as a living fact, and did not hesitate to make it known. By every conceivable motion he sought to keep Israel obedient—by consideration and gratitude for benefits conferred, and by the dread of personal and national disaster for disobedience. What more could he do? What more can any one do for souls? This seems to have been his last public address. He appears occasionally during the earlier portions of Saul's reign, but he now relinquishes, with these faithful words, the duties of his office.

With the sentiments and words of this good prophet made my own, I now part with the readers of these notes. Fear not, friends; only let us serve God in truth, with all our heart, and, by grace, we who are strangers, except as we have met for the past year in our mutual studies, shall meet again, not through the medium of the press, but face to face, in the blessed society of the saved.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Bible Lesson Series, June 27.

1 What assembly was made at Gilgal?

2 What was done there?

3 Why were they afraid?

4 Why did Samuel tell them not to fear?

5 Ought not the wicked to fear?

6 What kind of a confidence is false?

7 What kind of a fear ought all to have toward God?

8 To what service did Samuel exhort them?

9 What vain things were they disposed to seek?

10 Why could they not profit or deliver?

11 Whom will not the Lord forsake?

12 Will He permit us to forsake Him?

13 When we forsake Him what will He do?

14 What is meant by "His great name's sake?"

15 What was Samuel's estimate of prayer?

16 Why would it have been sinful to have refused to pray?

17 What self-conquest did he show in this?

18 For whom should Christians pray?

19 Against whom do they sin if they do not?

20 How did Samuel teach his people to be good?

21 What kind of a minister was he?

22 Why did he bid them "consider?"

23 What did he say should befall them if they did wickedly?

24 What will befall the finally impenitent?

The Family.

THE LESSON.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

[A beautiful answer was given by a little Scotch girl. When her class at school was examined she replied to the question, "what is patience?" "wait a wee, an' dinna weary!"]

A village school-room—this the scene, Aglow with a saint sun cheery; The dominie there, of youthful mien, With the sword of his spirit sharp and keen.

And a class of girls in a serried row, Some taller, and some of stature low, And some, like the morning sun, afore To reach the summit of brave desire; And, as ye, some unco' deary!

"I canna an' winna teach, an' ye See stupid the while I query!" Nae vision for ocht but vanity! With thundering rap the dominie Out-blurted, chafed by a listless girl, Whose only care seemed to smooth and twirl.

Her apron streamers, "Will onie lass Mak' answer to this glibkit class?" The dominie sighed, away.

"Oh, ay," said a little one; "I can tell." "Weel, out wi', then, my deary;" And the frown from the master's forehead fell.

For the sweetest girl in the school was Nell.

"I want ye to show me the meaning plain O' patience, sir, ow'r an' ow'r again, I've put it this day!" Then the little maid,

With a roguish twinkle, soberly said: "Wait a wee, an' dinna weary."

—Appleton's Journal.

FREDDIE;

Or, the Boy that was not afraid to do right; but was afraid to do wrong.

BY R. W. WOOD.

Many years since a little, low, unpainted school-house stood in the corner where two roads met. One road wound around a steep hill. On both sides grew oak and chestnut trees, making a thick forest.

There was no house within a mile, so the boys and girls used to carry gingerbread and apples in their baskets and pockets; and sometimes their pockets were full of chestnuts and walnuts, which caused some of them to get their ears pulled in schooltime.

Back of the school-house was a beautiful pond, where the boys fished in summer and skated in winter. In fact the pond was the only place of amusement for the children. Many a tiny boat, with its paper sails, was launched on its bosom, to be wrecked, and its precious cargo lost.

"Poor little kitty!" said Mamie, as she saw her own pet jump overboard, at the same time upsetting the boat which Edward had constructed with great care. Mamie was delighted, however, when she saw her kitten swimming to the shore.

After a time Edward succeeded in making a real boat, one large enough to take in four of the little boys and girls; and dipping his oars into the clear water, he rowed out to the other side. Every noon-time some of the little school children had a sail with their navigator, as they called Edward.

But the warm, sun-shiny days could not last forever; clouds and storms must come, and long days must give way to short, cold ones; so the warm, clear water of the Shetucket must grow cold and icy. When the cold days had come, and the pond was frozen over, the little sail boat was housed, and skates both old and new were substituted.

"Hurra now for some skating this winter!" said Homer Coan, as he came up to the school-house with a pair of new skates in his hand.

"Not much, I guess," said Jack Bowen.

"How so?" asked Homer.

"O, the new master is a regular old blue nose; he never'll let the boys have a good time, if he knows it," said Jack.

"Let us give him a try," said Homer.

"All right," was the reply; and the conversation was interrupted by the approach of Deacon Clark and the school-master.

One day the teacher told the school to lay aside their books and listen to an essay which one of the large boys had written. Very soon the small children became restless, and others dull and sleepy. Freddy sat looking at the red hot coals and the burning logs which lay on the grate, for the flames leaped around them and over them, and chased the blue smoke up the large throat of the chimney. As Freddy watched he was thinking of what his Sabbath-school teacher had told him about the lake of fire, which the Bible says is the portion of the wicked. Indeed, he was so busily thinking that he did not know that the recess hour had come, till Gilbert Nye shook him by the shoulder, and said,

"Come, we are all going to the pond for a nice skate! Hurry up, or we shall be behind."

They took their caps and ran away to the pond. In a few moments they were skating over its glassy surface. Cheer after cheer rang out on the clear air, as one after another crossed to the other side.

"Halloo, there!" shouted William Crane, from the roadside. "I guess there will be some music this afternoon. You will all get punished."

"How so?" shouted the boys from the pond.

"Why, the master said he would punish every scholar that went on to the pond this winter."

"Well," said John Rawson and Gilbert Nye, "we had forgotten it; and you needn't tell him."

"If he asks me about it I shall deny it," said Jack Bowen.

All this time Freddy was silent; but when he heard the decision of the boys he started to leave the pond. The boys called him, and asked him if he was going to tell the master.

"If he asks me about it I shall tell the truth," said Freddy.

"Then you mean to get yourself punished, and us too, do you? Come, now," said Gilbert Nye, "just deny it, this time, and save us all from a whipping. I'm afraid of that hard wood ruler on my hands."

"Yes, yes," cried all the boys at once. "Just deny it this time."

For a moment Freddy hesitated. He did not like to have all the boys blame him; but when he thought of the words which were read in the class, the Sabbath before, which were, "all liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death," he said, "I shall tell the truth if I am asked about it."

"Well," said a large and very ugly boy, "if you tell me I will give you a good thrashing, to pay you."

Freddy went to the school-house with a sad heart, not because he was so much afraid of a punishment, as because he had hesitated to tell the truth.

At the usual hour the school was called to order; but instead of the usual exercises the names of the boys who had been on the pond were called, and each took his place on the floor.

The teacher took from his desk the "hard wood ruler," and proceeded to use it on the boys' hands, when every boy, except Freddy, stoutly denied having been on the pond.

"Well," said the master, "you now have an opportunity to experience the truth of the Scripture, which says that 'the way of the transgressor is hard.' As I have the evidence of a gentleman who saw you on the pond, besides the confession of Freddy, I shall give you a double punishment. As Freddy was not a member of the school when the rules were made, and did not know that skating was forbidden, and besides has shown no disposition either to expose you or to screen himself, I shall excuse him. You may go to your seat, Freddy. Then, turning to the boys, he proceeded to 'mete justice' to them.

It was a sad sight for the girls and boys in the school-room to see those "big boys" cringing with pain, as blow after blow fell upon their bare heads. But this is the way that school children were punished thirty years ago. I wonder why all children, and men and women, too, don't deal up-rightly with each other, and be truthful, when they read, in the book of Proverbs, that "the righteousness of the upright shall deliver them; but transgressors shall be taken in their own naughtiness."

"O," said Freddy, in after years, "I was afraid of myself when I saw how near I came to telling a lie; and if I had at that time it would have been easier another time, and I might have become a liar; and who loves or respects a liar? We read that one 'that loveth or maketh a lie' cannot enter into the holy and beautiful city, to live with good angels and God forever."

But I want to tell you that Freddy was a Christian man, loved and respected by all, and that he is never afraid to do right, but is afraid to do wrong.

"CATCHIN' EM WITH GUILLE."

In Daniel Quorn's "Religious Notions" we meet with the following illustration of St. Paul's language, "I caught you with guile." How far it corresponds with the apostle's practice I leave the readers to decide:—

"Of all the good folks in the little village of Penwinnin (Eng.), none was a greater favorite with Daniel than young Cap'n Joe. His presence 'at class' had much influence on the religious notions, and his story was one that Daniel used to tell with unfeigned pleasure. He had begun life as a poor lad, without any advantage of education or position; rather, indeed, with all the disadvantages that could gather about him. His father was a dissolute man, whose wit had once been the life of the public house; but that light had long since been quenched, and there was left only a bloated, half-drunken idler, loafing about the public house for any odd job that might turn up. The half-starved wife and mother lived in a wretched home, trying to bring up this only child as best she could. But, as a little lad, Joe had taken a practical view of his own case; he had nobody else to help him, and by that circumstance seemed only impelled to do so much the more to himself. Reading and writing were soon mastered, and there early appeared the promise of what he would be. Daniel's quick eye had seen him in the Sunday-school, and the little cobbler's shop became in time a sort of night-school, where Joe learned many

a lesson, and picked up much good advice. He had begun as a common miner, but rose in the confidence of those about him until now he was dignified as Cap'n Joe, an under manager of the mine, and had left his little teacher behind him in all but shrewdness and common sense.

"Dan'd used to tell with much glee how young Cap'n Joe had done the purser of the mine, a hard, snappish, sour old scow, whose delight was in grinding everybody down. He came in here laughin', one evening," said Daniel, and the shoemaker's little bright eye flashed with a joyous humor over his broad-rimmed spectacles.

"Catchin' 'em with guile be Scriptural, Dan'l, ben't it?" he began; and I knew there was something queer comin', but could n't guess what it was.

"Depends what kind o' guile it is, and what it be goin' to do," I answered, cautious, for I didn't know what was comin'.

"Why, the men up to mine have wanted a dryin'-room for ever so long, you know. Comin' up hot and damp, as they do, it be enough for to give 'em their death o' cold to go out ever so far in the wind and rain," says Cap'n Joe, lookin' just as queer as he did at first.

"That be so, Joe, I says; 'but men be only men, you know. The Pharisees might pull out a sheep or an ox; but then they were worth something; but men are such common kind o' creatures, so different. If they were only horses, or pigs even, folks would take care o' 'em; but they be only men, and you can't sell them—at least in this here country. Well, Joe?"

"Well, what I do say about it be nothin' at all, for the purser will have it all his own way. He'd say 'yes,' contrary like, if I said 'no.' He'll be like the 'bob' to the engine, that do tip down just because the other end do tip up," says the young Cap'n.

"Well, but," says I, "you might speak your mind about it, Joe; it would be a comfort to give your testimony to what be right, even if nobody don't receive it. Besides, you can't shake the dust off your feet agin' 'em till you have done that much."

"No, Dan'l, it would only harden him, and make him more determined; I've had to catch him with guile."

"You have?" I cried, quite curious to know about it. And Daniel lifted his spectacles on to his forehead, as he told of it, as if he curiously always revived at this point by some subtle law of association. "So then Joe told me about it," said Dan'l.

"You see," he went on to explain, "the men kep comin' to me about it; 't was always the same thing; till, last of all, I says to 'em, 'well, look here; 'tis no good to keep tellin' me about it, men; the purser must give the orders. But, now, 'spos I say to you, 'you shan't have a dryin'-room, and I won't let 'em have it'—and you go up and tell the purser what I've said."

"So three of 'em goes up to the office, and sees the purser. He was on common cross and gruff, even for him; and so, as they began for to speak about a dryin'-room, he gets into a rage. 'Dryin'-room!' he hallooos out, 'I dare say you do. Umph! you'll want dinner provided next, and a champagne luncheon, I s'pose, certainly! What next will you want, I wonder?'"

"Well, sir," says the men, "we spoke to young Cap'n Joe about it."

"Oh, you spoke to him, did you? And what did he say?"

"Why, he said he was n't agoin' to speak to you about it at all, but would speak right off, on his own authority, and that we should n't have it; that we should n't."

The men say he got into a towerin' rage. "He said you should n't," he cries out. "Cap'n Joe, indeed. Who's he, I should like to know? I'll let him know who his master up here—the young upstart! Go down and tell him that I said you should have it! I said so. And tell him to see about it at once!" And they said that he went on muttering about it for an hour after.

"Well done, Joe," says I, laughing out loud.

"Aw; 'iss (yes), my dear. Iss, it be quite lawful for to catch 'em with guile."

D. NASH.

Thomaston, Conn.

MORNING PRAYER FOR THE YOUNG.

BY E. L. D.

Saviour, as I open my eyes Let my prayer to Thee arise; Thou hast watched me in my sleep, And I need Thee still, to keep From the dangers of the day; Keep all harm from me, I pray; Help me to be pure and true, Faithful in what I do.

Kind to others, truthful ever, In the Lord, who faitheth never; And all praise be Thine forever.

TESTIMONIES AT DR. PALMER'S MEETING, NEW YORK.

We are Jesus' witnesses, and He expects us to honor Him by telling how far we have permitted Him to save us. It is mockery to ask God to forgive us our sins, and then expect to do the same things on the morrow.

Jesus has given us His peace; and if we don't realize it, it is because we are contending with God. He wants us to lay down our weapons, and receive what He has for us. The nearer we get to God the more clearly we see that everything has been done; the work is finished; and we have only to submit our wills, and enter into the promised blessings.

It is just as much our privilege to receive as to ask. He who says "ask," says "receive."

We cannot, with the Bible before us, shake off the importance of constant

watchfulness. God made a covenant with Eli, the high priest, but afterwards a man of God came to him and told him that God revoked His covenant, "for them that honor me will I honor." God makes covenant with character, and not with priests or bishops. If we trust to position, and neglect duties, and obey not God's commands, the covenant is broken.

Credulity is not faith; the faith that saves the soul is peculiar, and no man can tell what it is, nor can we learn it from books; but the Holy Ghost reveals it to our inmost soul. It is an indescribable something, which puts the soul on Jesus, and says, "He paid it all; and the Spirit answers to the blood," and tells the soul what is going on.

One, whose eyesight had failed, and who could not afford to buy a pair of spectacles, laid her Bible on the shelf, with the resolve that, although she could not read, she would take it down every day, to let the Lord know she had not forgotten it. The first day she did so, but could not read any; the second day she took it down, and, to her surprise, could read as well as ever, and had been reading it ever since.

It is often in affliction that God teaches us more readily to recognize His voice, and learn lessons even from the little things of life. In the smallest matters let us commit our ways to the Lord.

Many have longed to die that there might be an end to the conflict which is waging in their bosom; but there is a better way. It is a mistake to suppose we may not expect full salvation here. There is a secret which the Lord alone reveals; and when we are willing to give up everything for God, and cease to lean on the creature for help, in a way inexplicable He causes refining fire to go through our hearts; and the work is richer and deeper as we advance in the narrow way.

A friend who was walking on a pier which ran forty feet out into the river, and was only about a foot wide, at first thought it looked a little shaky; but, ceasing to look down, he found no difficulty. So Jesus takes care of our steps, while our watchfulness consists in keeping the eye fixed on Him.

An Episcopalian minister, who had been attracted by the title of an article in a paper on the importance of ordained ministers, and who had read a bushel of books on the subject, was led to ask, When will they get through with talking about ordination? And the question suggested itself, Was Jesus ordained? Yes, when He began to preach, and say, "the Spirit of the Lord is upon Me." That is the ordination we need, and that the ordination that will lead to the conversion of sinners. We all believe in Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The sun attracts, illuminates and imparts heat. No man can come to Christ except the Father draw him. Jesus is the light of the world. It is possible to believe in the illuminating and drawing power, without feeling the fire of the Holy Ghost. There is a baptism of the Holy Ghost, and there is a power that strangely warms our souls. O that all might not only believe in the creed, but be baptized with the Holy Ghost. God sometimes permits us to make mistakes that we and others may learn some important lesson. Jacob probably repented that he sent Joseph to his brethren, but Joseph said to them, "be not grieved nor angry, for God did send me before you to preserve life."

But for the darkness astronomers would never discover new worlds. Though darkness pervades the earth, the atmosphere must be clear. If the atmosphere of the Christian's soul is clear, the darkness of trial will only reveal new beauties.

We must die to the world if we expect to bring forth fruit. The reason why the Church is so unfruitful is because it is unwilling to be crucified; and it must die if it would bring forth fruit for Christ.

A little boy went into the court room, and saw his grandfather, the judge, sitting on the bench. He did not see in him the judge before whom the culprit was to be brought, but, pushing aside the lawyers and other prominent men, pressed his way to his grandfather, and put his arms around his neck and kissed him; and the judge returned the affectionate embrace. So we, in coming to the Lord, see not the Judge, but our loving Father; and as we come He gives us a kiss of recognition, and we go on our way rejoicing.

E. J. C.

JOE BLACK.

The first time in my life that I ever saw Joe Black he was out on the sidewalk in front of the house where he lived. It was a sharp winter morning. He had a coat on, but not a hat. A boy who goes out of a winter morning without any hat on, will be almost sure to catch a cold, get a sore throat, and perhaps have the croup, and be very sick indeed.

There were a number of boys out on the sidewalk, too, and Joe was looking on to see them play, rather than playing with them. Some of them were sliding along on the ice in the gutter, others were snow-balling, and all seemed to be having a fine time.

Pretty soon a man came along. Joe was busy watching the boys, and did not see or hear the man until he was close upon him. The man had a heavy bundle upon his shoulder, and called out rather angrily to Joe, "get out of the way!"

Joe was not a little frightened at the harsh tone in which the man spoke to him, and got out of the way as quickly as he could.

Some boys would have answered this rude man rudely

The Farm and Garden.

ANOTHER WORD ABOUT THE GRASSHOPPERS.

Though an entire stranger to the majority of your readers, I venture to state some (sincere, no doubt) statements made by your correspondent in your issue of May 20th. For there are always those who, with a knowing, self-confident air will make such positive assertions as to what will, or will not take place, that strangers at all credulous will most likely be misled in some things. It would indeed be cheering if one could only know that all those statements are true; but to one who is on the ground, and sees the destroyer face to face, and not through a glass darkly (such a glass as drummers and land-agents usually see through), the aspect appears very different.

The statement of your correspondent as to the native place of the grasshopper, is doubtless correct; but it is not so certain that they will not flourish, for a season at least, in the States. Indeed, the present crop seems to be even "fatter and finer" than those which came to us. As to their hatching in the fall and early spring, and perishing in the cold, that is entirely a mistake. The "hoppers" do not do business in that way; the young "bugs" do not believe in coming out at a time when there is nothing to eat. There was a report here that they were hatching in the fall, but I have never seen a man who saw one. If your correspondent saw any he is the only man I know of who did. Neither did they hatch in February, or very early in March. They began hatching here about the last week in March, and first of April. South of us they hatched a little sooner; north, a little later. Cold, heat, moist or dry seems to have any effect on the eggs till the right season comes for them to hatch and subsist.

The cold rains in April had the effect to keep them back a little, perhaps; that is, the young ones did not grow so fast as they might; but I doubt if one in ten thousand died from the effects of it; so that, instead of the country's being clear of them, as affirmed, they are here in countless millions, with teeth as sharp and digestive organs as perfect as those of their ancestors. Of course their appetites must be gratified, and in doing this they have destroyed hundreds and even thousands of acres of grain, flax, etc. Yet much remains that has not been taken; for, as your correspondent stated, the people sowed largely. They have, indeed, been unusually industrious this season, determined if possible to redeem the reputation of the State; so that if only half that was sown is permitted to stand and mature the State may take care of herself. But no one can foretell, with any degree of certainty, what the final result will be. The probabilities are that those that are here now will leave within three weeks. If none return afterwards, a crop of corn and potatoes may be raised; but they extend for hundreds of miles on all sides of us, and it will be almost a wonder if migrating hordes do not come in on us from other sections.

As I started out to make as clear a statement as to the present outlook as I might be able, I may as well name another fact which confronts our people, which is, that the chinch-bugs are very numerous again, and are already damaging some fields of grain. If they continue to multiply it would certainly seem that the chance for a crop is exceedingly poor. Yet, notwithstanding all the discouragements, our people seem determined to do all in their power. Where the crops have been taken, they are preparing to plant again, and show a disposition "to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." Many have left the State, it is true; but those who remain are generally the best class of citizens, who will be very slow to leave their homes to try their fortunes elsewhere. Let none conclude that our people are idle or shiftless. All will be done that can be done to save the State from future disaster; for we have learned by experience that it is more blessed (to be able) to give than to receive.

If Providence smiles upon us we shall succeed; but if He continues to lay His affliction hand upon us we shall endeavor to say, "not as we will, but as Thou wilt."

EDUCATIONAL.

The Michigan Legislature, says the Ypsilanti School, near the close of the recent session repealed the compulsory education law, which has been for five years practically a dead letter. There is no doubt about the right of a State to enforce school attendance, especially when the State furnishes the school; but any law, no matter how just in itself, is practically invalid if its enforcement is not promptly and freely sustained by the general public sentiment. In Michigan there is little need of such a law; in manufacturing States it may be different. Besides, the very spirit of a republican government is likely to bring such legislation into odium, as an unnecessary interference with personal rights.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Evening Gazette says: "It is rumored that Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are looking at the old Astor homestead, on the corner of Astor and Lafayette Places, with an eye to erecting a publishing house that shall eclipse any other in the city. It is a splendid site, and with their store they would make the neighborhood one of the greatest literary centers in the world."

Their present place, although a handsome building, is too far down town; and then it is out of the sacred circle, and their lease runs for two years longer."

After a bitter, and, in some aspects, a very foolish controversy of a dozen years, the homeopaths have won the day, and their system of medicine is to be taught side by side with the "regular school" at the State University. The Legislature, near the close of the session, passed a bill appropriating \$6,000 annually for the support of a homeopathic school of medicine, to be connected with the University and to be located at Ann Arbor.—School.

On the 3d, Rev. E. H. Capen was inaugurated President of Tufts College. At Nashville, Tenn., salaries of teachers are proportioned to the amount of work done, with no distinction of sex.

The summer school of geology of Harvard University will encamp at Cumberland Gap during the summer.

Dr. P. H. Fowler of Ulica, has presented 1,200 volumes to Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

In Wisconsin are four normal schools, supported by a fund of \$1,000,000, derived from land granted to the State by Congress. Two more such schools are to be established.

The John Hopkins University, at Baltimore, will open next year.

The Pennsylvania State Normal School of the 9th district, just opened, has 150 students. It can accommodate 400 boarding students. It has now 9 teachers.

The colored citizens of Petersburg, Va., ask for colored teachers in the public schools.

The late John C. Green left \$100,000 to Princeton College, and \$50,000 to the Theological Seminary.

The Supreme Court of Indiana has decided that colored children may attend any public school, if no separate school is provided. An appeal is taken to the U. S. Supreme Court.

The Legislature of Michigan has voted \$48,000 to the State University.

Of the 39 persons nominated in caucus, to fill 9 vacancies in the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, 33 are Unitarians. A little like sectarianism. But then the Unitarians have all the culture.

The Southern Baptist Seminary is to be removed from Greenville, S. C., to Louisville, Ky. Of the \$500,000 endowment Kentucky gives \$800,000, and of this Louisville \$500,000.

The late O. S. Eldridge, of Hancock, left \$2,500 to found a scholarship in Williams College.

Of the Board of Trustees of Brown University (36 in all) 22 must be Baptists, 5 Episcopalians, 5 Quakers, and 4 Congregationalists. Three vacancies are now to be filled by 2 Baptists and 1 Quaker.

In California no difference is made in the salaries of teachers on account of sex.

The Rhode Island State Medical Society declares that children should not attend public schools under 7 years of age; that out-of-school study is generally injurious; and that for pupils under 12 three hours' study is enough, and for those over 12, four hours. We believe a reform is called for.

Girard Orphan College has 550 members. It has an annual surplus of \$200,000 over all expenses.

Commencement services at the Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, N. Y., were held on the 20th ult.

Connecticut paid last year for teachers' salaries over \$1,000,000. Increase of attendance in school for past 10 years 30 per cent.

The "University" of Nashville has been converted into a State Normal School.

The Bible is to be excluded from the Troy (N. Y.) public schools.

Obituaries.

At a special meeting of the officers of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Wellfleet, Mass., the following was adopted:

We desire to express our sympathy with the bereaved family of our late pastor, Rev. C. S. MacBride, but words indeed fail us. We know that our heavenly Father cares for His children; Jesus is full of love and sympathy; and the Holy Ghost is the promised Comforter. To God, therefore, we commend these stricken hearts.

We loved our brother and pastor, and our hearts are sad when we think we shall never again meet him here; but we hope to see him when we awake with him in the likeness of Jesus. We shall love him more, and be happier there, than in all the pleasant associations of earth.

The widow and children we specially remember, as we come to the throne of grace; May they now find sweet rest in Jesus, and be kept in perfect peace till, with the husband and father reunited, they enjoy the sweetness and glory of the better land! Tribulation now, but victory and everlasting life in Jesus!

Resolved, That we close our church May 26, at our present pastor, and as many of the people as desire, may attend the funeral services at Middleboro.

A. W. HOLBROOK, Secretary. Wellfleet, Mass., May 22, 1875.

Died, in Harmony, Me., Feb. 22, 1875, Rev. WM. THOMP, aged 80 years and 8 months.

Brother T. gave his heart to the Lord at the age of 16, and at once united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He entered the ministry when about 25 years of age. His first work, by appointment, was with the people of Strong Circuit, comprising a number of townships, extending to the Rangely Lake. He labored with this people two years, and was then appointed to the Palmyra Charge, which also included a large territory. After remain-

ing two years he left the territory, but labored under the Presiding Elder most of the time for years. About thirty years ago he purchased a home in the town of Ripley, where he has resided a part of his time up to the death of his wife, which occurred last October, with whom he had lived in the marriage relation over fifty years. He was a faithful laborer in the Church of God. His sermons were characterized by originality and were most excellent, though his general style was doctrinal and argumentative. He was deeply interested in all that concerns the kingdom of Christ.

A worthy member of the Church has gone to his reward. Conscious, to the last moment of life, he gave his friends these words: "my work is done; I shall soon rest." And when the summons came, he bade his friends adieu, and with a smile upon his countenance passed up to his rest.

J. BEAN.

Died, in Medford, March 28, of pneumonia, Mrs. CLARINDA, widow of the late Calvin Stebbins, of Springfield, Mass., aged 84 years and 6 days.

She enjoyed a strongly assured conversion in 1815, and joined the Protestant Episcopal Church in Waterford, N. Y.

In 1824 she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she remained a very devoted, gifted, and intelligent member until she left for "the city out of sight." Her early womanhood was devoted to teaching—a service in which she greatly delighted, and was very useful. Her care for her pupils extended beyond their faithful recitations to their moral and religious development; and some still live, in the ministry and membership of the Church, who were her pupils in early youth.

She was very faithful and capable in her duties as a Christian, and always ready to give the reason of her hope. She gave her best support to all reformatory measures of her time. She was excellent company for all ages; the child, the youth, found her as young and happy as themselves, and all felt she had good will and cheer for everybody. For nearly twenty years her memory began to fail her (which to her very sensitive nature was a great sorrow), and continued to fail every week, to the last; but Christ and heaven were remembered, and often during these closing years did she express, with joyful tears, the joy of her departure, and with Christ, which is far better. She has now proved that "to die is gain."

Many hundreds, whom she knew during her long sojourn in the Church below, have met her with immortal greetings, and welcomed her to the mansions of heaven, "to the fullness of joy and pleasures forevermore." No more parting near her saying to the aged members of the Church, as though still with them,—

While you linger, fathers, mothers, Wondering why you stay so long, Speak and act alone for Jesus; Let Him be your daily strength, Christ within you ever dwell.

While you near the narrow Jordan, Whose waters lave the heavenly shore, Oh, how near you are to heaven! Shine for Jesus as I pray, and let many friends be waiting for you, Waiting by the pleasant stream; While you linger for a moment, Try another sheaf to glean.

Medford. J. HASCALL.

JOSEPH CLOUGH was born in Sandown, N. H., April 10, 1875, and resided here until his death, Feb. 18, 1875. Brother C. was one of God's Christian noblemen—a worthy son of a noble and godly ancestry. In early life he made a public profession of religion, being one of the first-fruits of a revival in that place, in 1806, under Rev. Messrs. Stevens and Martin.

Afterward one of the faithful few who supported preaching there. To honor his Saviour, and advance His kingdom, seemed uppermost in his thoughts; next, his family, where, as husband, father, and friend, he was true, tender, and sincere. Of him it may be truly said, "he did good to all men, especially unto those of the household of faith;" for so great was his charity that none, however poor or degraded, were sent away who asked shelter under his hospitable roof, while the servant of God ever found a hearty welcome.

His wife (a sister of the late Nathl. Clark, of that place) and three children survive him, and deeply mourn his loss; but his sainted spirit has passed on to join the dear sons who were called before him, in manhood's prime, from lives of usefulness to their reward in heaven, namely, Clark, Wesley, Clough, and the late Dr. G. C. Clough, of Greenland, both of precious memory.

Among his dying sayings were these: "I have a hope big with immortality and eternal life," and "oh, for this love let rocks and hills," etc., and "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," etc. Rev. J. Higgins, who visited him in his final illness, preached his funeral sermon from the following words: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

J. C. INGALLS.

Died, in Acushnet, March 9, 1875, DORCAS DANFORTH, aged 89 years. Mother D. became a Methodist in early life, uniting with the Church in this place March 5, 1808, before there was another Church of the denomination in Bristol County. She has lived to see "the little one become a thousand," and her home Church the mother of some of the strongest Churches in the Providence Conference. For some years past the prospects for the old Church have been dark and discouraging; but she was at length permitted to see it enter upon an era of prosperity beyond what it had ever known. The weary itinerant for years found a resting-place in her home. Her long life was filled up with usefulness, and when death came it found her ready to fold her tired hands and enter into rest.

E. WALKER.

Acushnet, Mass., May 25, 1875.

MARY ANN, wife of Brother Eli A. Spear, of Studish, Me., departed this life suddenly at North Buxton, Me., April 20, 1875, aged 57 years and 5 months.

Her last work on earth was done in the prayer-meeting on Sabbath evening. She pleaded earnestly with God for the salvation of her children, and as earnestly exhorted them to begin at her service. Before she left God's house she received an apoplectic stroke, under which she lingered for two brief days, and quietly passed from toil to rest. Another mother in Israel has gone! We all miss her much, but our loss is her eternal gain.

Geo. C. ANDREWS.

Died, in Lincoln, May 10, of pneumonia, DANIEL STEARNS, aged 64 years and 11 months—a subscriber to ZION'S HERALD for nearly thirty years.

M. H. STEARNS.

A full general agent wanted immediately. F. L. FULLER, Somers, Conn.



Boston and Providence Railroad--New Depot.

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LET THE PEOPLE SPEAK.

MANHATTAN, KAN.

R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—Your Favorite Prescription has done me a world of good. I have taken nearly two bottles and have felt better the past two weeks than at any time in the past two years. No more periodic pains; none of that aching back or dragging sensation in her stomach she has been accustomed to for several years. I have so much confidence in it that I would be perfectly willing to warrant to certain customers of ours who would be glad to get hold of relief at my expense. I have tried many Patent Medicines, but never had any occasion to extend one before.

Very truly yours,

GEO. B. WHITING.

Mrs. E. R. DALY, Metropolis, Ill., writes: Dr. R. V. Pierce—My sister is using the Favorite Prescription with great benefit.

MARY ANN FRIEBLE, Lehman, Pa., writes: "Dr. R. V. Pierce—What I have taken of your medicine has been of more benefit to me than all others and hundreds of doctors' bills."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sold by dealers in medicines generally.

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DR. E. D. SPEAR,

So Much Celebrated for His Remarkable Cures

TO THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

[From Zion's Herald, of April 15.]

One year ago last June I was taken with hemorrhage from the lungs. I was so prostrated that I was obliged to keep my bed for weeks. Three physicians decided that I was beyond all hope of recovery. My friends thought I must die. I consulted with another very skillful physician. He gave me medicines for seven weeks, and then advised me to go into the country. I went to the hills of New Hampshire and spent a few weeks, but did not improve any. I returned home to Lynn, leaving my friends in the country with sad hearts, for they had me look for my recovery. I felt myself as I was going home, "He is going home to die." I kept on splitting blood every few weeks until last August, when I found myself so weak that I could not walk without a cane. I was willing to die if it was the Lord's will, but I wished to know about the matter; so I took the Scripture, which says, "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and he will give him." I immediately went to see him, and commenced his treatment. I began to recover at once, and have continued to do so all the winter and spring. When I commenced to take Dr. Spear's medicine I was very much reduced in flesh; now I weigh 165—within two pounds of my usual weight when in health (which was 160 pounds). I bled but once after commencing treatment with Dr. Spear. The first of the winter I was advised by friends to escape the cold of the season by going to Florida. Circumstances delayed me, or at least I was content to let well enough alone, until the winter was well advanced, when I found myself so much improved that I gave up the idea, believing that Lynn, with the tick of a watch can be heard by placing it upon the breast of a patient, was better than change of climate.

When I realize that there are thousands about us suffering just as I was, not knowing what to do, I feel anxious to tell them my own experience, that they may profit by it.

LYNN, Mass., April 6, 1875.

Dr. Spear will also refer to James T. Croft, 97 Beverly street, cured of consumption.

John Ward, 57 South street, cured of consumption. Charles O. Doe, 689 Seventh street, cured of bleeding from the lungs.

Mrs. Erving, 35 Appleton street.

Mr. William B. Trask, Pond st., Ward 10.

Mr. Russell Carruth, 15 East Canton street, and many others who have been cured of various diseases which had baffled the skill of other physicians.

Dr. SPEAR may be consulted upon ALL Diseases free of charge. Office, 597 Washington street. cov104

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